

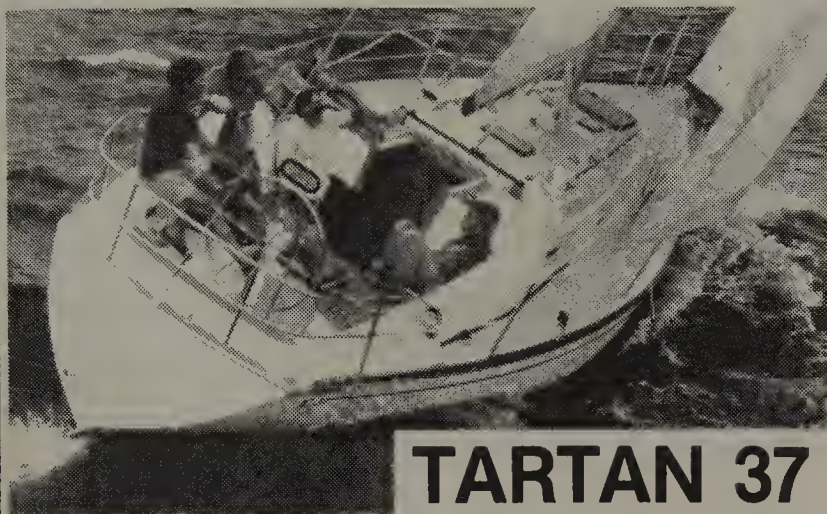


latitude 38

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SAILING SHEET
VOL. 32 FEBRUARY 1980

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GREAT NAMES IN YACHTING



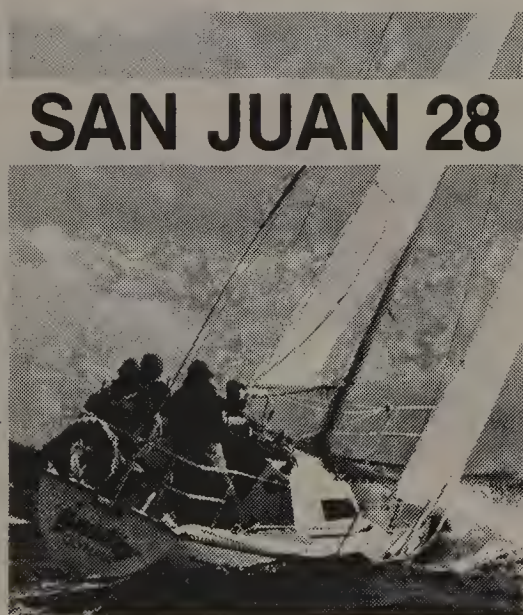
TARTAN 37



MOORE 24



TARTAN 10



SAN JUAN 28



TARTAN 33

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TARTAN 37, 33, T-10
SAN JUAN 28, 7.7, 23
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PINEAPPLES ARE GOOD FOR YOU

Jack Cooper used to sell a line of powerboats. He was a master at the throttle, and showed many an awed owner how to back into a slip with twin screws. But his heart was in sailing, and not in power.

Jack decided the boat business was not for him, and that he would start a health food store. This way he would deal with a product for which there is a basic necessity: Everybody needs good food.

Jack was right. His new store blossomed and seems to have more happy customers every day. But with the newly found success came the burdens of running a business. It was wearing on both body and soul. Nowhere on the shelves could he find the jar with the magic ingredient which could spark back his former bounce.

Jack needed some natural vitamins. He talked it over with his family. His wife knew how Jack had always enjoyed watching sailboats while he was demonstrating powerboats. Son John thought it would be a lot more fun to race sailboats than motorbikes anyway, and was sure he could talk Jack into letting him race the boat. If he had to, he would even let Jack go race with him.

It wasn't long before 'Vitamin Sea,' a brand new Catalina 27 had been adopted by the Cooper family. In keeping with things which are good and wholesome, the sails for 'Vitamin Sea' are Pineapple.

'Vitamin Sea' won the championship with a single second place as the only flaw in an otherwise perfect record of first places. Congratulations to the Coopers for a showing of excellence!

The moral of the story isn't quite clear, but it does seem to indicate that if you want to win sailboat races you should be proficient in backing up twin screw powerboats, and you should certainly buy your sails from Richards and van Heeckeren.



★ "Vitamin Sea" for body and soul



415/444-4321

★ Powered by Pineapples

Stocking Dealers for: Headfoil 2
and Atlantis Foul Weather Gear

Richards and van Heeckeren

SAILMAKERS AT 123 SECOND STREET, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94607 (415) 444-4321

A star is born.

The new Orion 27 by Pacific Seacraft.

Welcome Aboard

Go ahead. Step aboard. Orion 27 by Pacific Seacraft is an exciting new alternative in world cruising. Outside, she's beautifully traditional. Her hull is designed with a classic wine glass transom. And she is full keeled with a cutaway forefoot, as all true cruising yachts should be.

Unprecedented interior design

Step below and you'll find a contemporary, easy-living interior, never before seen on a cruising yacht. Because of her wide 9'3" beam and unique modular design plan, Orion is unusually roomy. A carefully planned wraparound galley was designed especially for the gourmet cook. There's a full sit-down chart table for the ship's navigator and six comfy cozy berths for weary voyagers. You'll discover that thoughtful planning has made Orion the ideal boat for comfortable dockside living or practical long term cruising.

Overbuilt for safe cruising

Perhaps the most important feature Orion has to offer is the strength of her construction. After all, she is built by Pacific Seacraft, a company that takes pride in its reputation for quality yachts built exclusively for the dedicated



cruising sailor. Her sisterships—Mariah MK II, Pacific Seacraft 25 MK II, and Flicka have proven the integrity of their construction in hundreds of safe voyages ranging worldwide. You can be sure Orion will live up to their reputation for inherent quality and rugged, dependable construction. She, too, is designed to be a splendid performer—fast, responsive and easily singlehanded. Orion is a boat you'll be proud to own.

You may choose to complete Orion yourself

Pacific Seacraft offers you the option of completing Orion yourself. She's available in various stages of completion, from bare hull to sailaway, to make her even more affordable and uniquely yours.

Welcome aboard the new Orion 27—the bright new star you can reach for—and find within your grasp.



I'd like to reach for a star. Please send me additional information on the Pacific Seacraft yacht(s) I've checked below. I've enclosed \$1.00.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"Building our future on quality."

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- ☐ Flicka
- ☐ Mariah MKII
- ☐ Pacific Seacraft 25 MKII



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CONTENTS



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 496 JEFFERSON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
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 2727 SHELTER ISLAND DRIVE, SAN DIEGO

CLOTHING & BOATING EQUIPMENT

1/2 OFF

SLACKS _____ 12.50 to 20.50

Harris grey Dacron/Polyester, Stubbies in rust color, lightweight Lord Jeff, Harris blue/white seersucker, Harris navy, CPO wool; 90 pairs marked down one half.

BLOUSES AND PANTS _____ HALF OFF

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SWEATERS _____ 11.00 to 15.00

Fifteen only, made by Lord Jeff, at remarkable prices.

SPERRY FOULWEATHER GEAR _____ 21.00 to 27.35

3 jackets and 4 pants only, so hurry on these.

JEWELRY _____ 63¢ to 4.75

Marine type bracelets, bone pendant anchors, etc.

MARINE DESIGN ASH TRAYS _____ 55¢

Very attractive, made by the "Yachting Tableware" Company.

TOTE BAGS _____ 2.75 to 4.75

Fifteen by "Seaworthy" and various 6" and 7" bags.

SHOE POLISH _____ 55¢

Elk Brown color only, made by the Sperry people.

TURNBUCKLES _____ HALF OFF

Gibb, Merriman, and Wilcox-Crittenden open body bronze turnbuckles, 1/2" and 3/4"; at these prices, lay away three or four spares for future use.

12 VOLT JABSCO PUMPS _____ HALF OFF

New pumps in original cartons, 1/2" and 5/8".

LOCKNUTS _____ HALF OFF

A big selection of these hard-to-find locknuts.

W/C TOILET REPAIR KITS _____ HALF OFF

We're overstocked, so get your spare kits now.

THRU-HULLS AND SEACOCK _____ HALF OFF

All bronze; 1" and 2" sizes; boatyards, stock up!!

W/C GALVANIZED DECK CLEATS _____ HALF OFF

Various sizes, mainly 12' two hole for docks, etc.

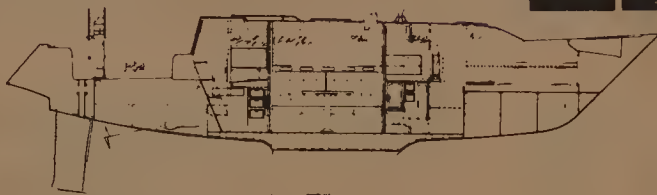
7	subscription
9	letters
17	pirates
21	overboard
36	sightings
38	more sightings
40	even more sightings
42	norton's log
63	well-found
72	beyond the leavitt
76	sorc
82	wild spirit on palmyra
83	out of my mind, again

cover photo by Latitude 38

SPECIFICATIONS

L.O.A. 37'8"
 L.W.L. 30'6"
 Beam 12'0"
 Displacement 14,000 lbs.
 Ballast 5,500 lbs.
 Draft 6'6"
 Headroom 6'4"
 Auxiliary 4 cyl. dsl.
 I.O.R.
 Rating Projected 29.8

Announcing the new Ericson/38



**A place to retreat to —
a retreat to go places.**



There are chalets at Gstaad, cottages on Nantucket, condos at Waimea.

And then there is the Ericson/38.

She offers qualities of comfort that the rich accept as standard, in a marine setting that restores vitality to the soul, with the promise of clipper-speed passages to new ports of call.

She is more in a production yacht than your own designer could have created in 38 feet. She is swift and able to move from port to port, and buoy to buoy, with ease that will make her at home among the racing elite.

She is the unexampled Ericson/38.

Her accommodations include an immense main saloon with a four-person dinette and an all-media entertainment center, complete with fireplace and two-place game table.

Her head includes not only a mirrored, cabined vanity, but a separate, enclosed shower stall with a built-in sauna seat. Her double-berthed stateroom aft includes the navigator's station with chart table and provision for electronic instruments. This stateroom opens fully to the main saloon, but closes up tightly for nighttime privacy.

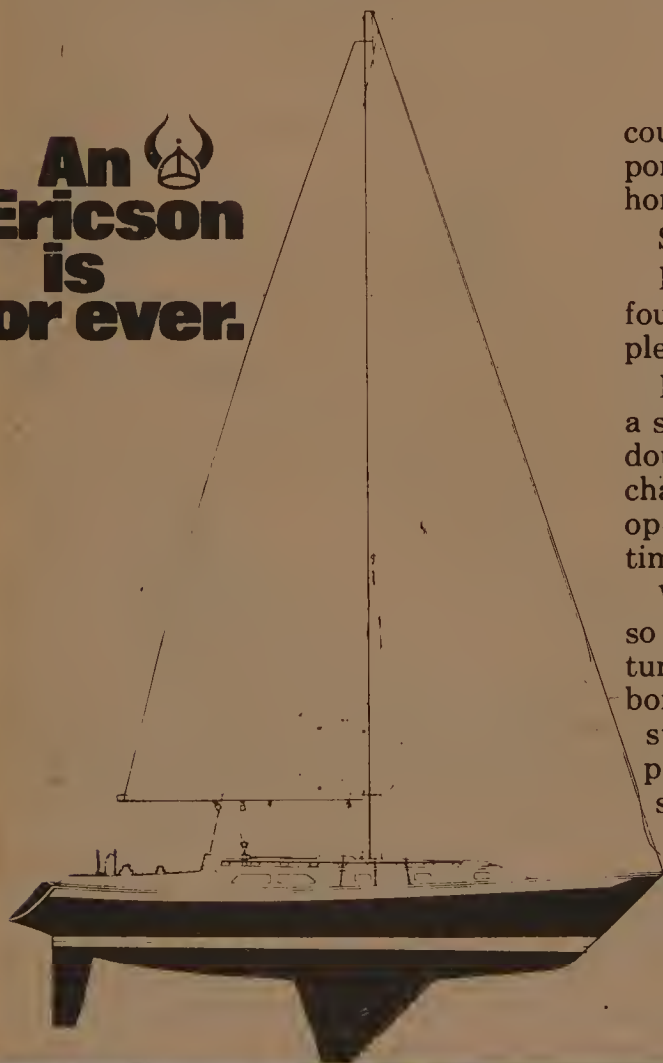
Were it not aboard a yacht, her galley might be called a kitchen, so complete is it and well thought out. It has all of the usual features, of course, such as four burner stove with oven, a large ice box and separate dry stores locker, double stainless sinks, pressure water, and storage drawers and cabinets. But in addition it provides such surprises as a liquor well, a wine rack, and two swing-out dinnerware cabinets.

We could go on. About her teak work, her illumination, her sleeping spaces, her stowage, and on. But we'll save enough surprises for you to make your first visit aboard one you'll never forget.

The new Ericson/38. The best we know how to do.

Spring Orders Now Being Taken.

**An 
Ericson
is
for ever.**



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latitude
38

Richard Spindler — Editor & Co-Publisher

Kathleen McCarthy — Advertising Manager & Co-Publisher

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(415) 332-6706

'the northern california sailing sheet'

YOU'RE INVITED!!

to the
**Ericson 38 Champagne
Launching Party!**

Time: 1:00 p.m.

Date: March 1, 1980

Place: Northern California Yacht Sales
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Alameda, CA 94501

with

Bruce King —
Designer

Red Caveny —
President of

Ericson Yachts

Tom Blackaller —
North Sails

Steve Taft —
North Sails

*to see the
Exciting, New*

Ericson/38

This is your chance to
talk with the Designer,
Manufacturer, Sail Experts —
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Liveaboard berths available.

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LETTERS

While surveying in Oakland I came across this vessel in the West Basin at Jack London Square. This vessel is in excellent condition and the owner should be proud. Good berth with easy in and out. Needs navigation lights.

Bruce Cibley
San Francisco



We don't know if this picture is sufficiently clear, but someone has attached a California boat registration sticker on this sanitary engineering device.

Please run my ad in your "jewel" of a sailing magazine. Really enjoy your salty stories (not lies). Keep the good things going.

Vale Wright
El Cerrito

Vale — If we're lying, we're dying.

We don't subscribe because my husband is a book and magazine freak who enjoys buying them at bookstores. If you'd charge at the stores he'd be glad to pay for it. I think you'd better because the magazine is worth it.

Marion E. West
Santa Cruz

Marion — The philosophy behind Latitude 38 has always been to keep it simple, to be more interested in sailing than business. We've had neither the time or inclination to look into charging for it, but our gut feeling is that running around collecting quarters wouldn't give us any better feeling for sailing.

BROKERAGE

64	Cal 20.....	\$ 4,250
74	Gulf Coast 21, w/tlr.....	4,250
69	Ericson 23.....	6,500
69	Ericson 23.....	6,500
76	S2, 7 meter w/tlr.....	16,500
68	Islander Bahama 24.....	7,500
78	S2, 7.3 meter.....	14,750
78	Neptune 24.....	9,400
76	Ericson 25.....	16,500
73	Ericson 25, dsl.....	11,995
78	Lancer 25 w/tlr.....	12,450
76	Pacific Seacraft 25, dsl.....	16,500
76	Pacific Seacraft 25, dsl.....	15,990
76	S2 8.0C, inb.....	23,900
78	S2 8.0C, dsl.....	28,500
77	Catalina 27.....	20,000
66	Bristol 27.....	15,950
77	Sun 27, dsl.....	24,500
78	Ericson 27/wheel dsl.....	27,995
74	Ericson 27, atomic 4.....	21,550
72	Ericson 27, atomic 4.....	21,000
72	Ericson 27, atomic 4.....	25,750
78	Ericson 27, dsl., wheel.....	28,995
76	Pearson 28, atomic 4.....	23,495
71	Ericson 29, atomic 4.....	24,000
78	Ericson 29, dsl., spin., whl.....	38,500
69	Ericson 30.....	29,150
68	Ericson 30.....	25,000
79	Ericson 30 MKII.....	39,500
78	S2 9.2A, dsl.....	37,500
79	S2 9.2A, dsl., whl.....	43,950
78	S2 9.2C, dsl., whl.....	41,500
77	Lancer 30.....	27,950
77	Lancer 30 dsl.....	23,995
74	West sail 32.....	49,999
75	Ericson 32.....	34,750
74	Ericson 35.....	44,000
77	Rafiki 37.....	offer
69	Defever Trawler 40'.....	77,000

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- ★ Pacific Seacraft ★ Caribe Perry 47' & 41' ★

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If you're looking at giving Uncle Sam too much money in 1980, change course, and have him pay you. Sounds unbelievable — Call us and let us show you in facts and figures how owning a Charter Sailboat really works. Let us show you how to make that new expensive toy a tax deductible yacht!

Only a few openings remain in the largest charter company on the Bay.

Now is the time to own the yacht you've always wanted. Call us for details.

Dealers for: Ericson Yachts • S2 Yachts • Pacific Seacraft • Caribe Perry 47' & 41' • NorWest 33

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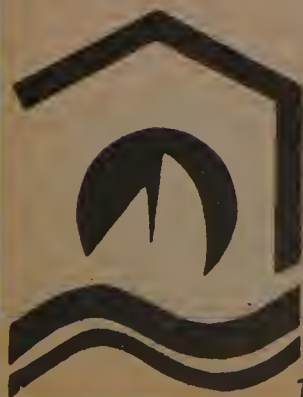
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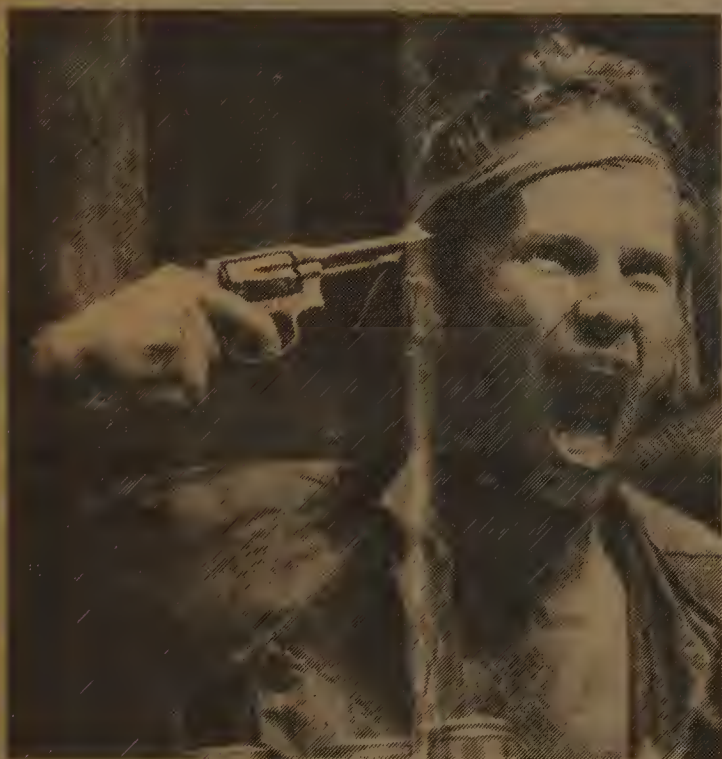
11 EMBARCADERO WEST PORTOBELLO
OAKLAND 444-8717

LETTERS

I found Urbanczyk's article most interesting and guess he is also absolutely right regarding "Russian roulette."

Keep up the good work.

James Leydecker



James enclosed a article cut out of a national magazine about some awful Russian roulette business. He also enclosed this awful photograph which would never find its way into a sailing magazine if it wasn't for the 'uwful Urbanczyk'.

You need more "How to" - "opinion" cruising articles. More safety related articles. What happened to the liferaft, radar reflector articles, etc.

I think you do a good job and I enjoy *Latitude 38* very much.

Gordon G. Augason
Sunnyvale

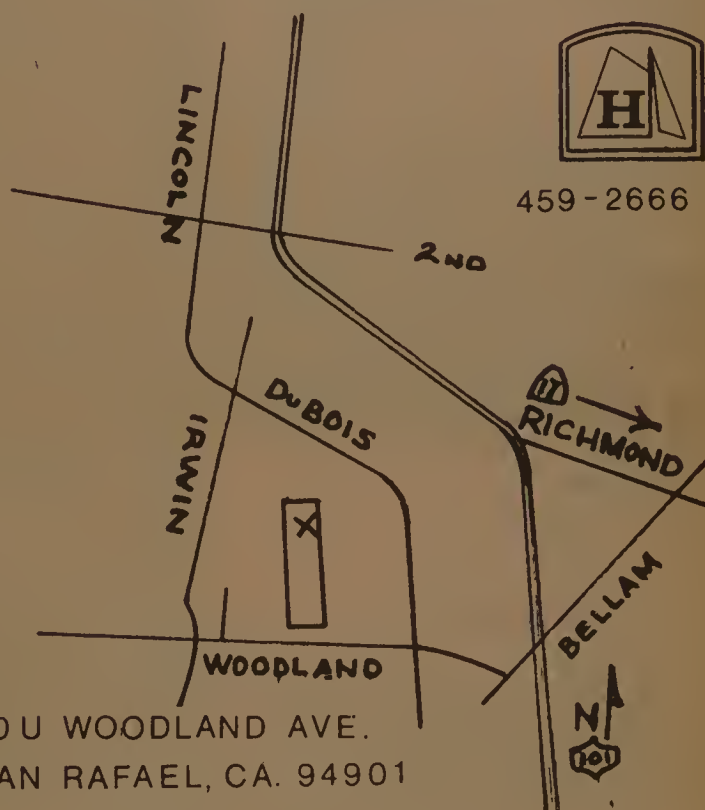
Gordon — Good cruising articles are hard to find. Too often the 'How to's' published are by people who don't what they're doing and the 'opinions' are formulated sitting at the dock. We do understand what you're trying to say, and we'll be publishing more cruising articles than ever.

Articles on safety are run on a regular basis; last year's included a two-part series on liferafts and several short pieces on radar reflectors.

Keep sending those magazines. Your writers are great! You're giving me ideas for my dream yacht. Also now that I've left California, I want something that will always keep me close to where the real action is. Of course, Charleston ain't bad for

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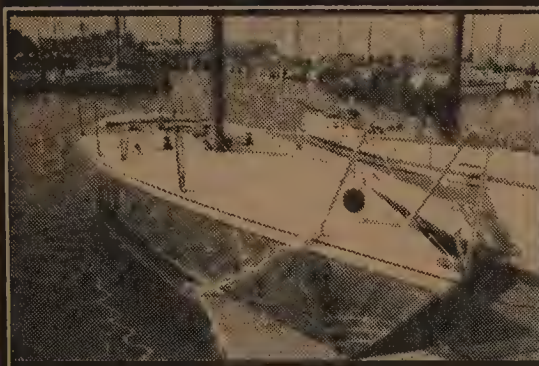
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23' Bear	7,150/offer
24' North Star	from 15,000
24' San Juan	16,500
24' Cal T/4	11,900
24' Islander	6,900
24' Columbia Chal.	6,900
24' Windward	7,500
25' Cal	7,500
25' Peterson	16,000
25' Peterson	17,500
25' Peterson	19,900
25' Coronado	6,900
25' Santana	16,500
25' Bahama	11,500
25' Jr. Clipper	7,850/offer
26' Columbia	12,000
26' Motorsailer	10,500
26' Ranger	3 from 13,500
26' Balboa	12,300
27' Santa Cruz	20,950
27' Cal	15,000
27' Tai-Pan (Cheoy Lee)	29,500
28' Wylie	25,000
28' Hawkfarm	26,900
29' Ericson	26,500
29' Cal	29,000
30' Burns 1/2 Ton	39,500
30' Wooden Sloop	13,500
30' Islander MK II	31,500
30' Cal 3/30	41,800
30' Scampi	29,500
30' Knarr	13,200/offer
30' Dragon	6,000
30' Pacific	12,500
31' Wylie	29,900
32' Columbia Saber	8,500
32' Norway Motorsailer	39,500
32' Traveller	49,500
32' 5.5 Meter	7,250
33' Motorsailer	59,000
35' Alberg	37,500
36' Islander	61,500
36' Lapworth	30,300
36' Farr One Ton	61,500
37' Tartan	53,500
38' Alajuela	94,000
38' Faralone Clipper	45,000
40' Cheoy Lee	67,500
40' Herreschoff	43,000
41' Tartan ("Regardless")	109,500
41' Swan	150,000
43' Meter Sloop ("Yucca" Sistership)	29,500
44' Peterson	115,000
45' Steel Yawl	110,000
47' Steel Ketch	95,000
50' Offshore Sloop	220,000
55' Stuart Ketch	170,000
57' Sea Lion No. 1 Ketch	150,000
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Paul Kaplan, Christine Kaplan,
Mary Jo Foote

Hank Easom, Eric Leiske &
Rollo D. Dog

LETTERS

sailing. But they don't have a *Latitude 38* magazine either. In fact, that's just exactly what we need.

Mary (Mountain Girl)
Charleston, South Carolina

What a pleasure to pick up the latest *Latitude 38*, read your sound, factual items, enjoy your free-wheeling style, wit and various observations, your audacity (who else would have taken a chance with A. Urbanczyk?), to revel vicariously on cruises to far places, etc.

It's hard to leave the sailing world to write on another subject.

The Nestle Company, to expand their markets, has devastated many Third World areas by convincing new mothers to use baby food rather than their own milk. Naturally, the mother's milk dries up, and leaves mother and baby dependent upon packaged baby food. Since this baby food needs money to buy, refrigeration to keep, and sterile conditions to use — none of which are available in these areas, many babies suffer, starve, and die. Because of this, there is a world-wide boycott of Nestle products.

Although you don't need to pass judgement on moral issues, please don't urge us to drink Nestle coffee, Jocelyn Nash to the contrary notwithstanding.

Bill Booth
Sausalito

Bill — Like most of our urgings, the one to drink Nescafe coffee was just a bunch of B.S. We were unaware of the boycott but are glad you mentioned it so our readers can decide whether or not they wish to act upon your information.

Incidentally, it does seem that Nestle is really going heavy on the use of sailors in their commercials. Just the other night we saw John Carson of Seattle, who we'd met at the end of the *Singlehanded TransPac*, in one.

I just got my November issue and noticed your bit about giving your magazine to sailing clubs for their members. Our newly formed 'Friday Harbor Sailing Club' would certainly appreciate such a fine gift! A couple of us already subscribe because it is such an ideal magazine. Most of the others (magazines) are next to impossible to relate to. Why don't you expand and do 'Latitude 48'?

Bob Ankersmit
Friday Harbor, WA

Bob — We're thrilled to be able to put you people on the list and hope you got the January issues. As for 'Latitude 48', that might just be getting a little too big for our britches. Our distribution in the Northwest has been growing dramatically and we are looking forward to doing several cruising articles on the Northwest this year.

An Opportunity To Own One Of San Francisco Bay's Finest REGARDLESS



A favorite of West Coast Yachtsmen, photographers and newswriters alike — Featured on the cover of "Yacht Racing," *Regardless* is ready for anything. Plan your trip to Mexico, the Islands, or start tuning up for a summer of racing.

This rare Tartan 41 is available for your inspection. Please call for an appointment and complete brochure.

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A Boat for the Cruising Family

Except for one day a month

Here's a boat for the cruising family whose boating plans include more than racing. **The Buccaneer 295** has a wide, comfortable cabin; teak floor, chart table, galley, hot water & shower optional, 13 h.p. Volvo diesel standard; read the long list of standard cruising features and you'll know you've got a cruiser in the most complete sense of the word. The entire deck is laminated for insulation and stiffness with 3/8" of end grain balsa core. The hull to deck joint bedded with silastic (a very adhesive sealant), thru bolted with stainless steel, reinforced with a thru-bolted aluminum toe rail, and then glassed together on the interior. The mast is a double spreader rig with upper, intermediate and lower shrouds. The rudder post is almost 3" in diameter, with grease fittings on the housing to maintain that delicate feel.

What about the one day a month? That day in December was in the Metro Series.

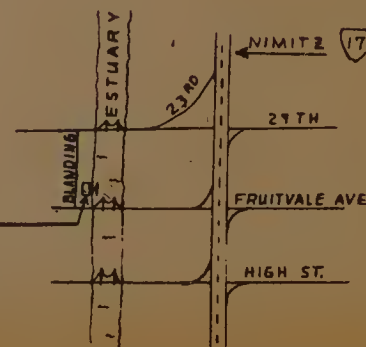


BUCCANEER 295

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. The Competition | 9. The Competition |
| 2. Buccaneer 295 | 10. " |
| 3. Buccaneer 295 | 11. " |
| 4. Buccaneer 295 | 12. " |
| 5. The Competition | 13. " |
| 6. " | 12. " |
| 7. " | 15. " |
| 8. Buccaneer 295 | 16. " |



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Antigua

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Greetings to all

... thanks for your support. It made
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Sincerely
Norton



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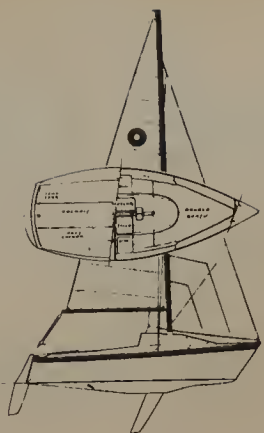


dewitt sails

• O'DAY 19' • O'DAY 17' • O'DAY 23' • O'DAY 25' • O'DAY 30' • O'DAY 37'

O'DAY 19

Overall Length 19'0"
Waterline Length 16'8"
Beam 7'6"
Draft Minimum 1'0"
Draft Maximum 4'0"
Sail Area 175

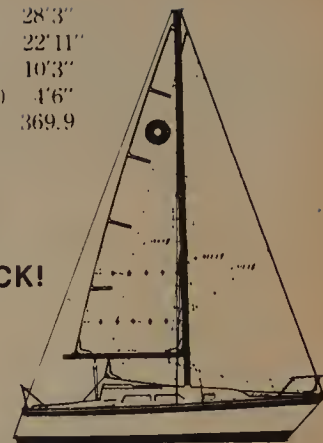


3 IN STOCK!

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O'DAY 28

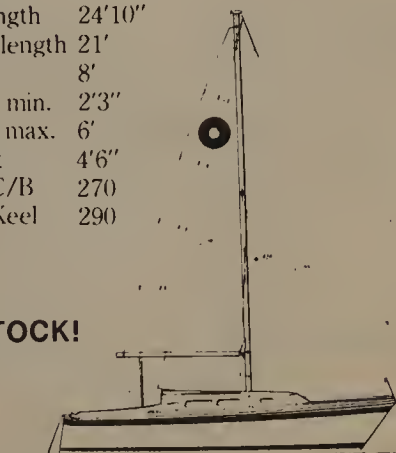
Overall Length 28'3"
Waterline Length 22'11"
Beam 10'3"
Draft (keel model) 4'6"
Sail Area 369.9



2 IN STOCK!

O'DAY 25

Overall length 24'10"
Waterline length 21'
Beam 8'
C/B Draft min. 2'3"
C/B Draft max. 6'
Keel Draft 4'6"
Sail area C/B 270
Sail area Keel 290

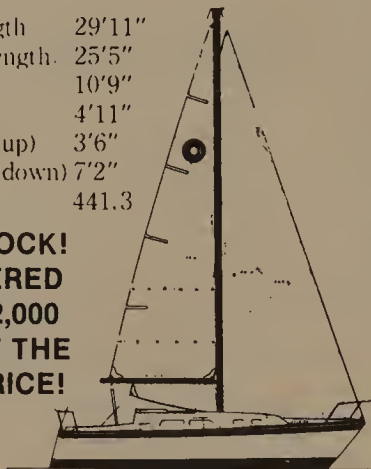


4 IN STOCK!

O'DAY 30

Overall length 29'11"
Waterline length 25'5"
Beam 10'9"
Draft (keel) 4'11"
Draft (C/B up) 3'6"
(C/B down) 7'2"
Sail area 441.3

3 IN STOCK!
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1979 PRICE!



O'DAY 37

Overall length 37'0"
Waterline length 30'4"
Beam 11'2"
Draft 5'0"
Sail area 594



2 IN STOCK!

• O'DAY 19' • O'DAY 17' • O'DAY 25' • O'DAY 23' • O'DAY 19' • O'DAY 17' • O'DAY 37'

SAIL BROKERAGE

61' Steel Ketch, '72, 6-71 dsl.	95,000
51' Overseas Ketch, 1974.	119,000
48' Maple Leaf Cutter, 125hp dsl.	175,000
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44' Islander, '74, 8 sails, well found.	59,500
44' Peterson Cutter, 3 sails, Lewmar winches, LaFiel spar, Hull No. 251, NEW	
40' Cal, '71, Transpac Vet., New IOR rating, extensively cruised.	48,750
37' O'Day, Center cockpit sloop.	58,000
37' Irwin, '77, full cruise.	55,000
37' O'Day '80 — Just Arrived — NEW.	

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35' Ericson, '75, liveaboard.	44,000
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31' Ericson Independence, '77, custom interior, exc. liveaboard.	53,000
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30' Pearson, '76, atomic 4.	27,000
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7.6 Columbia, 1978.	22,500
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25' Yamaha, 1979.	22,500
25' O'Day, '77, w/trl., special.	13,200

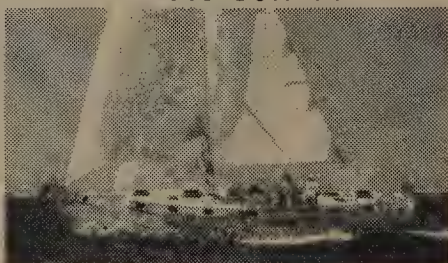
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Peterson 44



Swift 33



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O'day

PETERSON 44 CUTTER

SWIFT

• O'DAY 19' • O'DAY 23' • O'DAY 25' • O'DAY 30' • O'DAY 17' • O'DAY 37'

PIRATES

Pirates. Generally you'd think of either the Pittsburgh Pirates or of Long John Silver of times gone by. Unfortunately if you are going cruising in some parts of the world, you'll find modern pirates with fast powerboats and sophisticated weapons.

Probably the most well-known recent victims of pirates were the Tangvald family, who had been cruising in the Sulu Sea between the Phillipines and Borneo during the early months of 1979. Peer Tangvald is an experienced cruiser, and has written about his voyages in several books. With him on his 50-foot gaff schooner *L'Artemis de Pytheas* were his wife Lydia, and his young son Thomas.

On February 10th while sailing on the Sulu Sea, Lydia was killed by what apparently were pirates. During the passage from the Phillipines to Borneo a motor vessel approached *L'Artemis de Pytheas*, and Lydia wanted to fire a warning shot toward them to keep them from coming alongside. Peer, believing they wanted to trade fish for whiskey, told her not to get the gun. Even if they were pirates, he reasoned, non-resistance was their only course of action.

Lydia slipped below, got the gun, and unbeknownst to Peer, came up through the foreward hatch. When the motorvessel indeed pulled alongside, Lydia shouted at them and then fired her weapon. A shot was immediately returned from the wheelhouse and a bloodied Lydia fell into the sea.

Two men boarded Tangvald's boat, and Peer thought they certainly would kill him and his son. Instead they took all the cash and the weapon which had fallen on deck, and then disappeared.

After being questioned about the incident by the police Tangvald was told that several hundred such aggressions occur each year. Non-resistance, he was told, is only effective against the less hardened pirates. The hardened ones, he was told, kill everyone on board, strip the yacht, and then sink it to destroy all evidence and witnesses. The police told Tangvald his best course of action probably would have been to fire a warning shot before the boat got too close, which perhaps would have sent meeker pirates elsewhere.

In a letter to the Seven Seas Cruising Association, Tangvald lists the places that he feels are known to be dangerous and that cruisers should stay out of. Generally they consist of two general areas: one is the Red Sea, the other is Southeast Asia, an area Peer feels is not only dangerous, but "charmless."

Peer distinguishes three kinds of pirates: the amateur which is really a small fisherman with a gun or two; second, the pros with fast motorboats and lots of guns; and third, corrupt government officials who become pirates when meeting the 'right' boat.

Peer's solution to the problem is simple — stay out of well known danger areas. Just because one yacht doesn't have trouble in a bad area does not mean that you won't.



PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS	
L.O.A.	36'6"
L.W.L.	29'3"
BEAM	11'6"
DRAFT DEEP KEEL	6'3"
DRAFT SHOAL KEEL	4'11"

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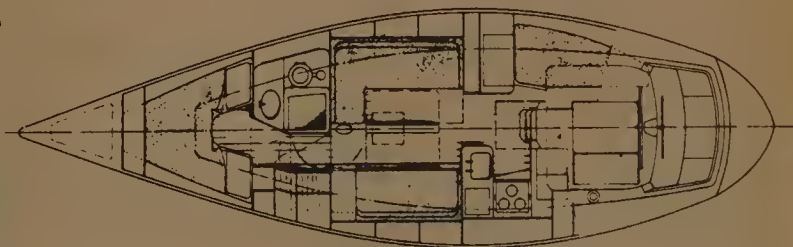
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41' SWAN.....	145,000
40' ATKINS CUTTER.....	55,000
37' GARDEN KETCH.....	50,000
37' TARTAN YAWL.....	53,500
36' ANGLEMAN KETCH.....	43,500
36' STEEL CUTTER.....	27,000
35' CHEOY LEE "LION".....	38,000
35' LESTER STONE SLOOP.....	24,000
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Rig.....	7/8 th dbl. spreader
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E 14'	J 11.42'
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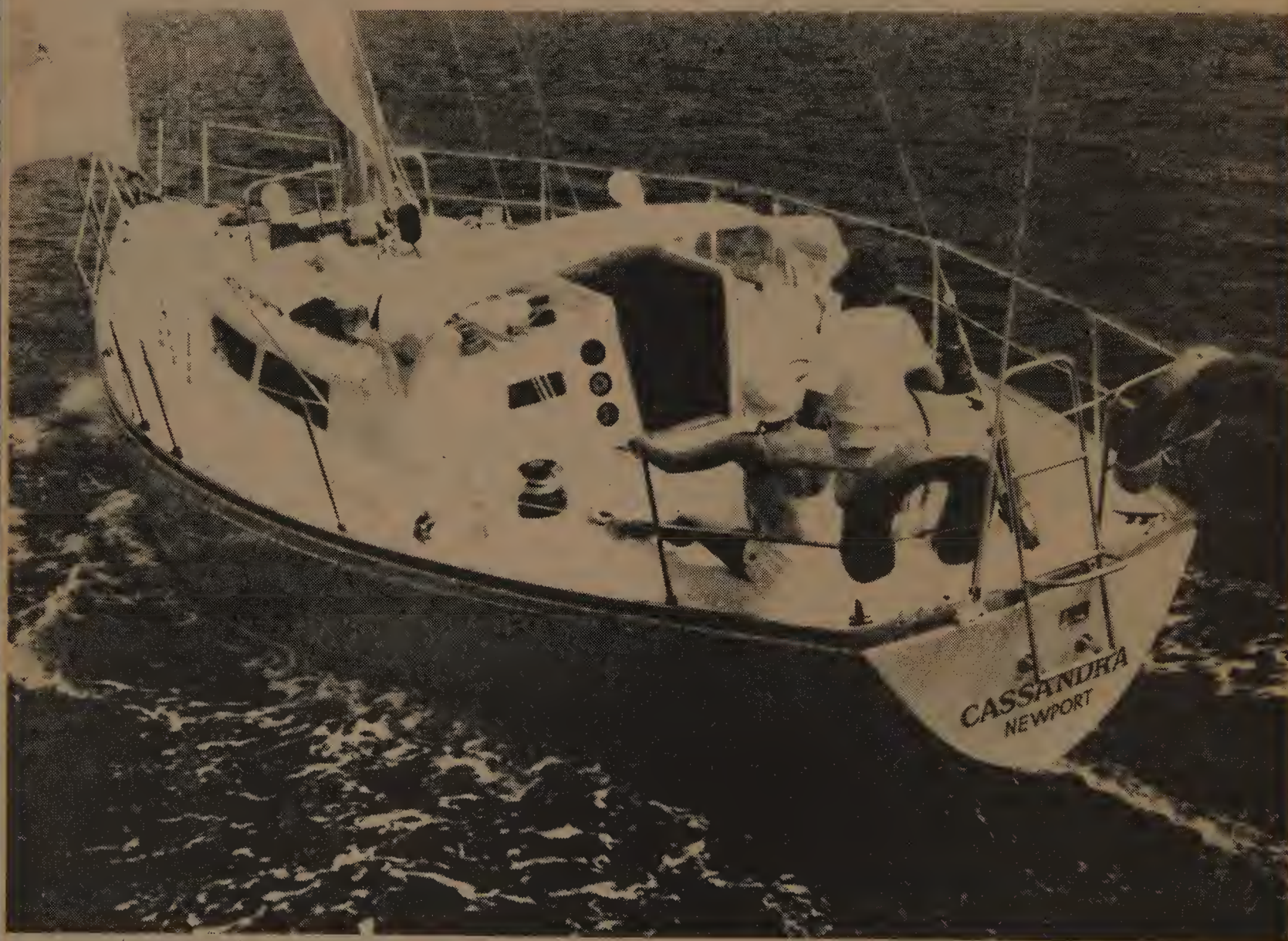
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Landfall 38

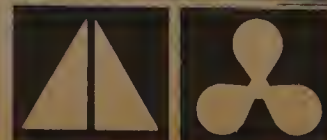
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The
Yacht
House



OVERBOARD

At Latitude 38 we work very hard to get new readers and to keep our old ones. We hate to lose any readers, but losing them overboard would be the worst. In a effort to prevent this, we're publishing a couple of articles about folks who have gone over or almost over in the ocean. (We'll get to going overboard in the bay in a later issue.)

In the first piece Dave Vandenberg of Santa Cruz interviews Dave Wahle also of Santa Cruz. Wahle is one of the more experienced ocean racers around, and is held in high regard by his peers.

The second overboard report was done by Sue Rowley, who talked to Paul James. Paul is a local sailor with an average amount of ocean racing experience.

My first thought was,
'Gee, it's nice and calm, quiet and
pretty down here.'

We were on the eastern seaboard with a boat called Flyaway. It used to be called Vamoose, and had done a TransPac out here on the west coast and had won a couple of Jamaica races. We were taking the boat from New York to Miami for the 1969 Jamaica Race. I guess we were about 100 miles off Jacksonville, Florida when it happened.

Commodore Tompkins was the skipper, I was his first mate, and a friend of mine, Peter Vanderwoort was the . . . well, third mate? Anyway it was blowing about thirty-five knots and we had a single reef in the main, with a No. 3 jib wung-out on a pole. There were 6 to 8 foot waves running. Flyaway was a pretty good boat downwind, sort of like a Cal 40 in surfing ability.

I was driving, standing to leeward in a fairly shallow cockpit with the tiller. I was dressed in a pair of Levi's and a light sweater and my sea boots. Every now and then a big set of waves would come through and I'd sort of reach up and try to get the boat into the steep part of the wave and do what I used to do on a Cal 36, called a coaster . . . where you'd sort of get going parallel to the wave and then as you start up into the face, you drive down really hard and go straight down the face of the wave. I would consider it kind of fucking-off. It wasn't for extra speed, I was just having a good time.

Commodore was below shaving and Peter was down asleep. I saw a big set come so I eased over to the right. The wave started to break and I drove the boat off as hard as I could, which put me in sort of a strange position. I was stretched across the cockpit, standing to leeward, pushing the

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Paul Hanner

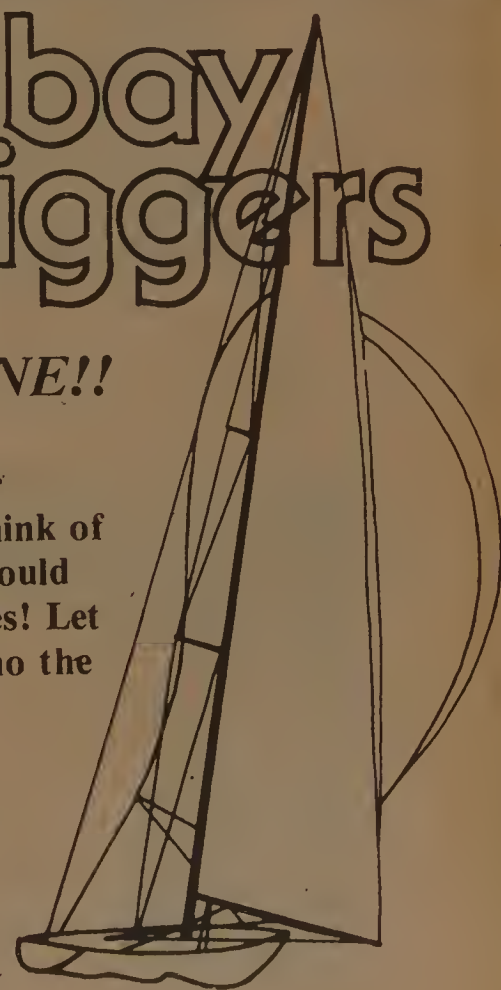
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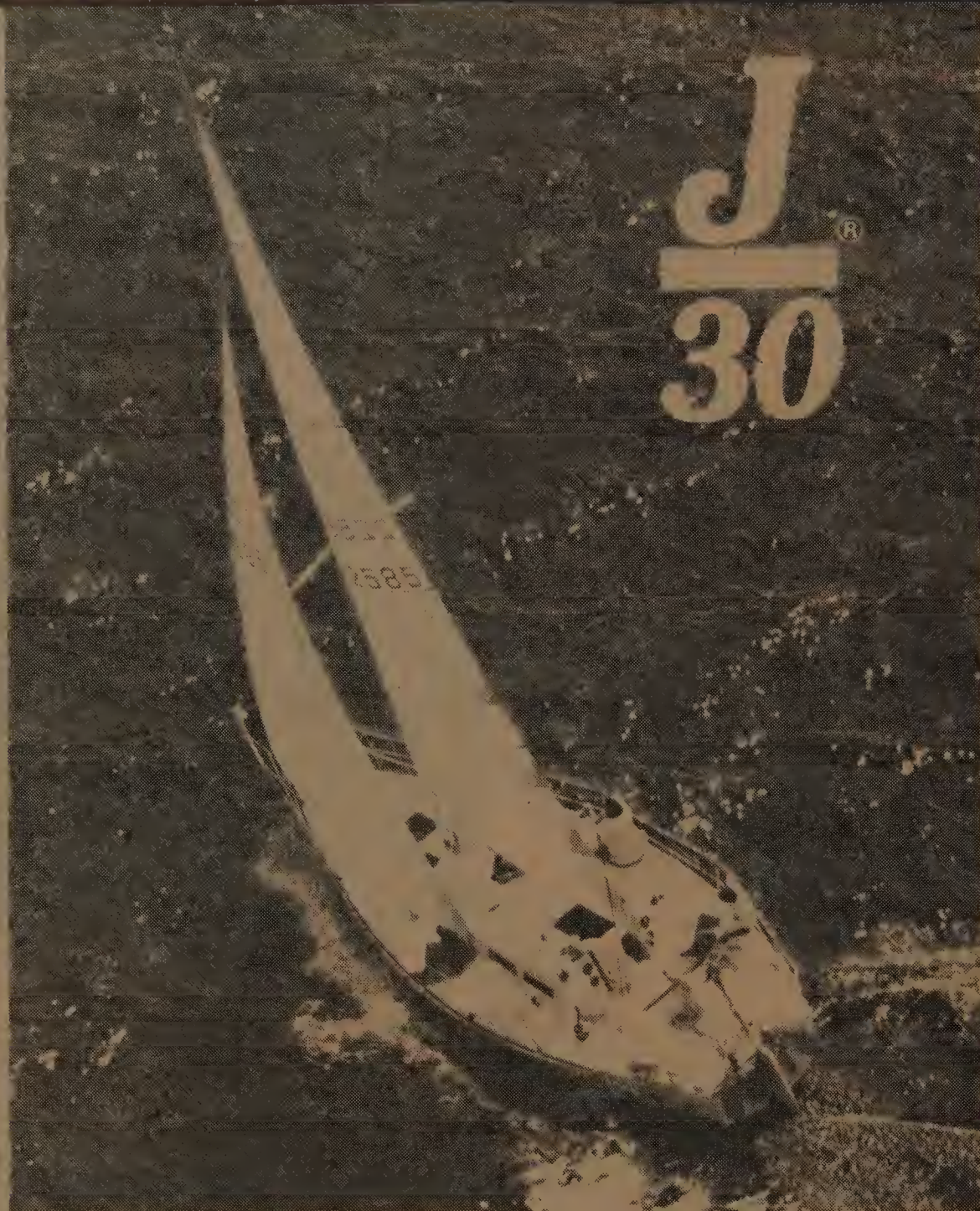
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OVERBOARD

tiller over to starboard to go off to the left. The wave broke and the boat didn't really respond as I thought it would.

Instead of going down the face, the boat remained parallel to the wave, which then broke over the boat. What I saw was



Dave Wahle

about a two-foot wall of green water — a little white in the front of it — come and hit me on the face and chest, which pushed me into an upright position. The boat was fairly well rolled-over . . . down to leeward. The wave broke. With the pressure on the tiller, it sort of sprang into the middle of the boat and catapulted me overboard.

As I went I grabbed the dodger, tearing it off, but that didn't stop me. So, the next thing I did was drop my heels. I was going over backwards, so I threw my heels down as hard as I could, hoping to catch the lifelines. I did catch the lifelines, but two stanchions broke off at the base. The lifelines just didn't help.

So, I was in the water, floating there, while the boat went blasting along at a high speed. The boat ended up about three waves away, which was probably . . . not more than fifty yards . . . pretty well stopped, jibed, the main backed, and the jib backed on the spinnaker pole. I saw that Commodore was on deck immediately.



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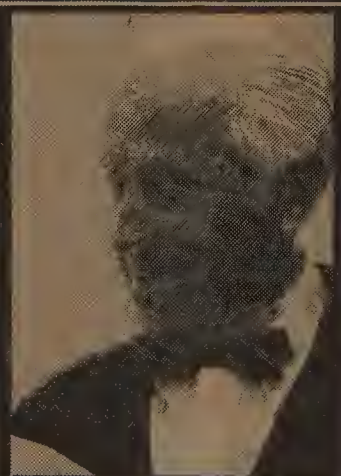
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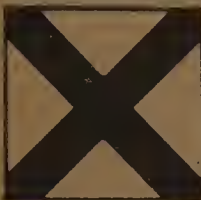
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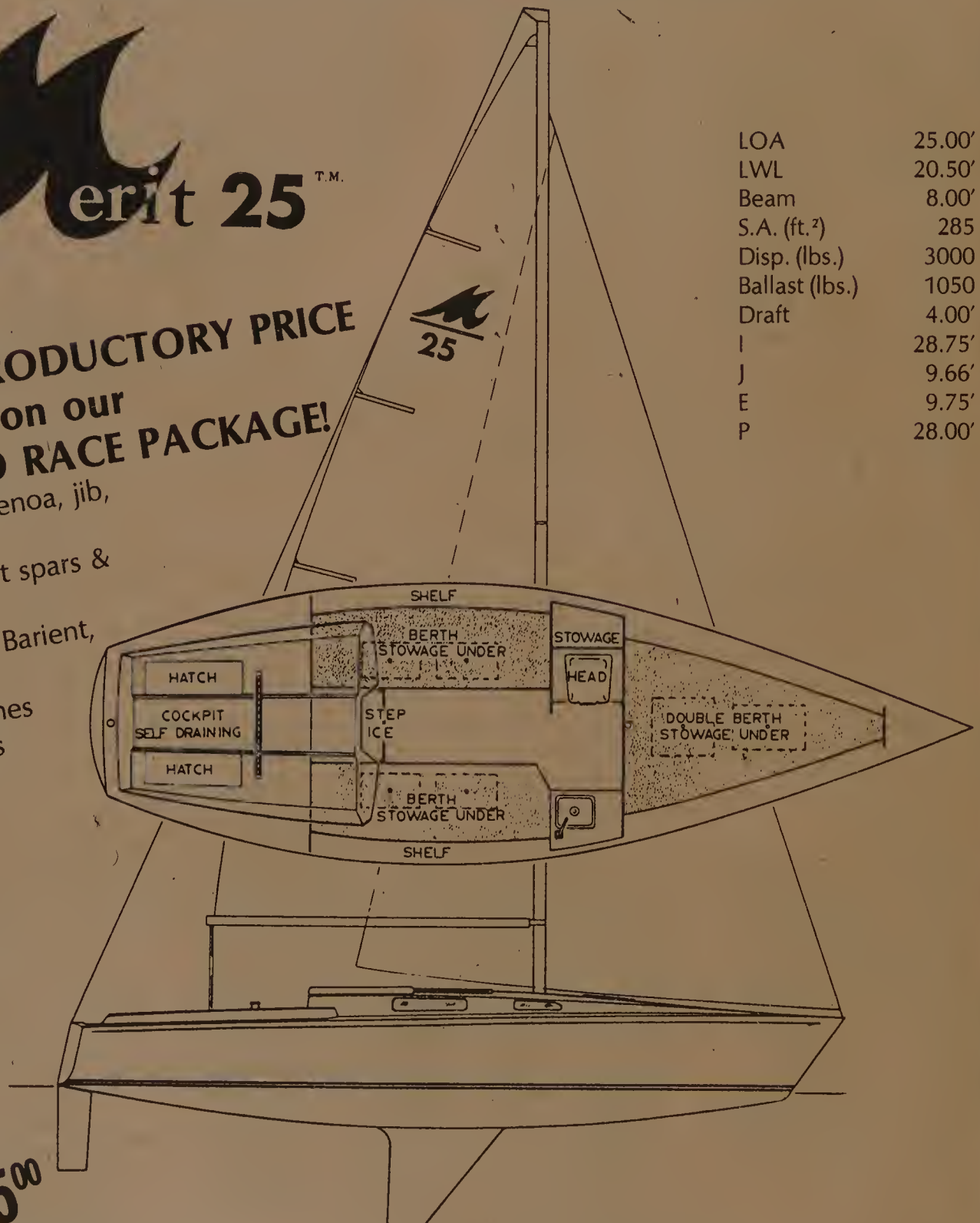


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OVERBOARD

As soon as I was in the water I went through a change in perspective. I didn't think of the future or the past at all, I was awfully busy taking care of the next ten seconds. It was blowing hard and there were big waves.

I didn't have a lifejacket on so I kicked my boots off. I had previously put a grommet in the top back of each boot and put a little piece of string in it, thinking that if I ever did go overboard, I could take my boots off, tie them together, and use them like water wings. (It also makes it easy to carry them by slinging them over my shoulder.)

Anyway, I was in the water and took my boots off, but I couldn't tie them together and stay afloat at the same time because I had to kick my legs and use at least one arm to dog paddle. I just couldn't stop long enough to tie the boots together without going under. After trying for awhile I thought 'what the fuck, I'll just sink, you know, take a couple of good breaths, go down and tie my boots together'. So I did, I hyperventilated for ten seconds, and went down.

My first thought was 'Gee it's nice and calm, quiet and pretty down here. The water was clear and really blue. The water was fairly warm because we were in the Gulf Stream. But, I kept going down and not tying my boots. I thought 'Whoa, wait a minute, this is bullshit, I had better get these boots tied together', and so I did. I tied them and struggled to the top. I got the water out of the boots, just as I had planned to do. I put one boot in front and one in back with the string going across. It worked fine, in fact my shoulders were almost out of the water. I took my sweater off and sort of held it up in my arms and just sort of waited. Only then did I have time to reflect what was going on.

Back on the boat, Commodore had gone forward and took the jib down straight away, and came back toward me under main alone. He didn't think about using the motor. The problem with using the motor in a situation like that is that there is a fair bit of line trailing in the water — and being shorthanded he didn't want to take the time to clear it all away.

So they sailed back in short order, under main alone. It probably took them three or four minutes to get back after they got everything set up which probably had taken two minutes. So I ended up being in the water for no more than . . . oh, ten minutes at the most. There were no exposure problems that way.

There was a little problem picking me up, in that they kind of over-shot me. I mean, it was really hard though, them sailing a boat with just the main in thirty knots of wind with six and eight foot waves with occasional 10 and 12 foot waves. Commodore actually sort of ran me over, but I got a hand on the rail and he went over me. The only real problem was that I couldn't get my boots. I figured it would be better to get on the boat than worry about my boots. So a good pair of sea boots turned out to be the only casualty of that affair.

Commodore told me an interesting thing afterwards, that as soon as he came on deck he told Peter Vanderwoort to watch me. All he was to do was keep his eye on me, which

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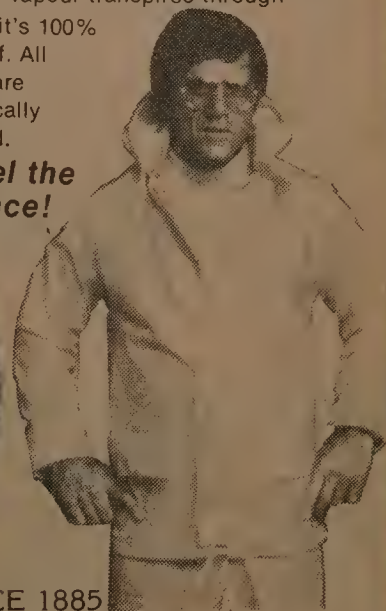
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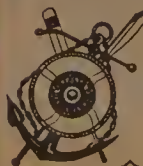
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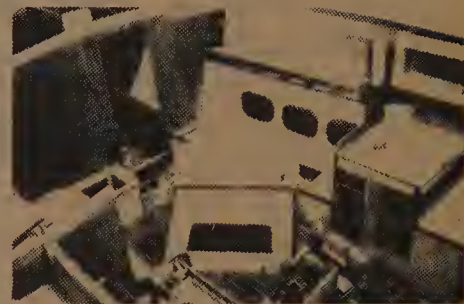
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Three years ago, Serendipity committed to expand operations into the manufacturing of performance yachts designed by Doug Peterson for the international marketplace. Since that commitment was made, Serendipity has successfully established itself as one of the leading large boat performance specialists in the country — we doubt any company has delivered more yachts with I.O.R. certificates in the 33 to 43-foot range over the past two years. Today, we probably have more semi-custom grand prix yachts under construction than anyone; and are expanding operations during a period when many companies are reducing production.



Installation of the engine on Jim Bozell's Serendipity 43'. He's from Cincinnati, Ohio and plans to campaign the Great Lakes.



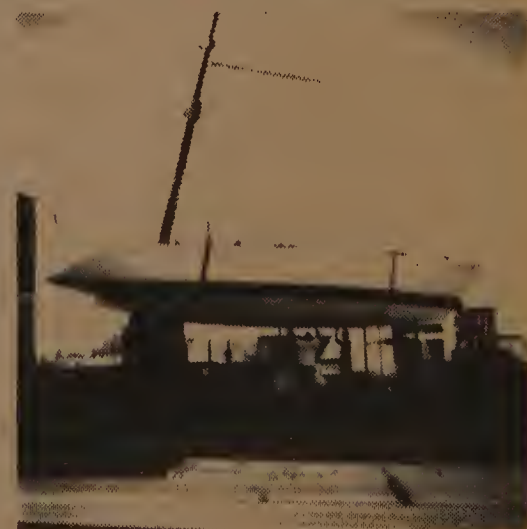
A customized Serendipity deck layout.



A partial view of the spacious Serendipity Interior.

In a period of one year, the Doug Peterson designed Serendipity 43 has established itself as a true thoroughbred. The international acceptance of the design has been unprecedented among modern I.O.R. racers with boats now sailing in Holland, Sweden, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia and the United States. Domestically, discriminating yachtsmen have expressed their confidence in our product and our company by ordering boats in Florida (1980 SORC contender,) Michigan, Ohio, Texas and California. The design has proven itself on the race course and we have proven our ability to build a top quality racer/cruiser at a sensible price. Our clients have not been first boat buyers — most have successfully campaigned both custom and production offshore racers for many years.

The Serendipity 43 for 1980 is offered as either a flat out Grand Prix racer with flush deck and a choice of tiller or wheel steering or a wedge cabin, "T" cockpit configuration that we feel is close to being the optimum performance cruiser. Whether you would like a top Admiral's Cup, S.O.R.C., or Big Boat Series contender, or prefer to cruise in comfort knowing that under you is a race-proven hull with its inherent outstanding performance and all-weather reliability, the 43 is a winner. A superbly built and impeccably detailed yacht that you can sail comfortably and safely anywhere in the world; or power at 8 knots while enjoying standing headroom in a private aft stateroom, mechanical refrigeration, and countless standard features seldom found in domestically built yachts.



The keel is being secured on "Free Enterprise," bought by Dick Ettlinger, former owner of "High Roler."



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Serendipity is a somewhat different company. You won't find our offices open on weekends or holidays — we also enjoy sailing. You won't find a salesperson, but you can talk directly to the people responsible for building your boat. We can't show you a demonstrator or unsold discounted boats in inventory as all of our boats are built to order. We can offer you a fair price, uncompromising service, excellent financing, and an opportunity to become involved in the planning and construction of your own yacht.

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OVERBOARD

Peter did. Peter later told me that he saw me struggling in the water. Then he saw me disappear. He said at that point he had a problem with his bowels. Then a couple of seconds later I reappeared. That was obviously when I went down to tie my boots.

I had suffered a little bit of shock, I guess, afterwards, because I sort of got seasick for about four hours — and this was after I had spent a night in bed. Other than that I didn't have any repercussions or bad feelings about it.

I'm pretty adamant about wearing a lifejacket. I wear an Elvstrom Super-Soft and I wear it most of the time at sea. I don't really like to wear harnesses, although in that situation it probably would have stopped me from going in the water. I guess I should have had a harness on because we weren't racing and there was no reason for me to get quickly to a halyard. That was probably a mistake. But, I don't advocate wearing harnesses, but I do recommend wearing lifejackets.

I was suspended there,
spread-eagled over
the water.

Paul James was racing aboard the Columbia 9.6 Cordon Bleu when he had a fleeting brush with disaster.

"We were charging back that night, leeward of the Lightship and coming in too low to get in, so we decided to take the chute down and go on a reach. We were reaching along at about 8 knots or so and I decided to take the spinnaker halyard back to the foredeck and just as I got up between the first stanchion and the bow pulpit, the boat lurched and I got thrown against the lifelines and *that* broke!

There I was, suspended by three points, one hand on the toerail, two feet on the toerail, and the spinnaker halyard in my other hand, O.K.? I didn't turn it loose, that was the one smart thing I did, was not turn it loose. But I thought I was going in for sure.

It's incredible, I was suspended there spreadeagled over the water, with just my face in the water, going along at eight knots. I dangled there for a few moments, thinking about what I would grab or how to get out — just then I realized that as long as I had the spinnaker halyard I was O.K. and so I just bounced back aboard and swallowed a mouthful of water.

It's more gruesome when you hear other people talk about it — they make it seem really exciting. The crew didn't really see it happen it was so dark, and that's what makes it so scary, I wonder if they'd have known that I was gone, had I gone over.

I was wearing a lifejacket; I don't swim so hot, so I always wear a lifejacket. Just before it happened I had read about this guy in the SORC who had gone overboard and died, so it

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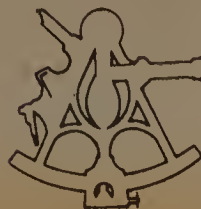
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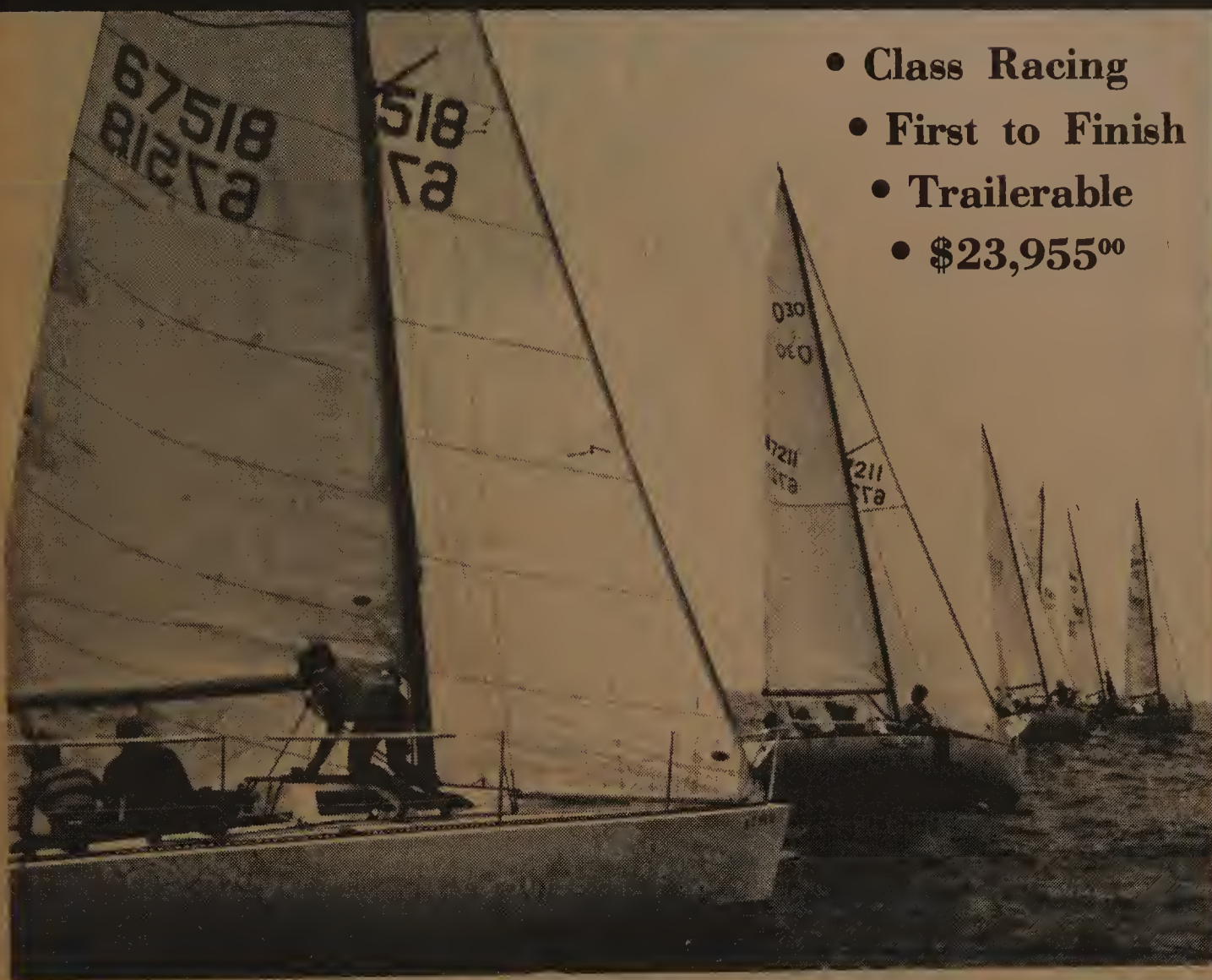
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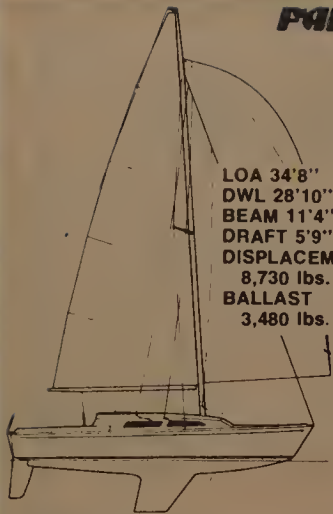
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FARR

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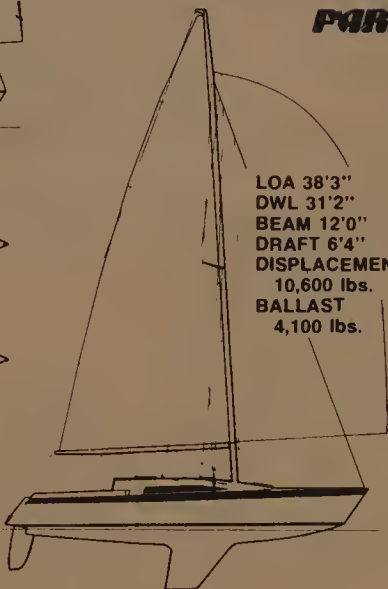


LOA 34'8"
DWL 28'10"
BEAM 11'4"
DRAFT 5'9"
DISPLACEMENT
8,730 lbs.
BALLAST
3,480 lbs.



FARR

38



LOA 38'3"
DWL 31'2"
BEAM 12'0"
DRAFT 6'4"
DISPLACEMENT
10,600 lbs.
BALLAST
4,100 lbs.



C & B MARINE

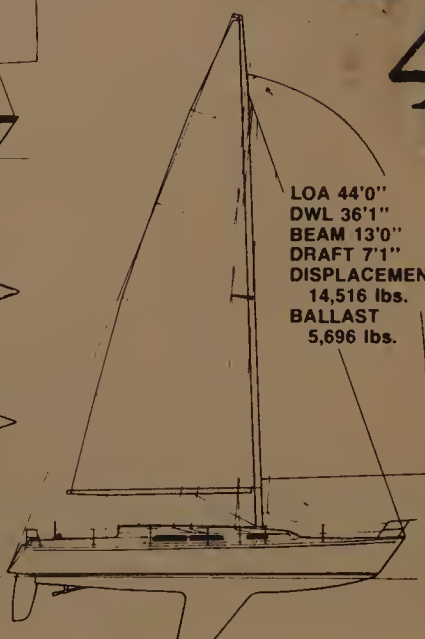
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44

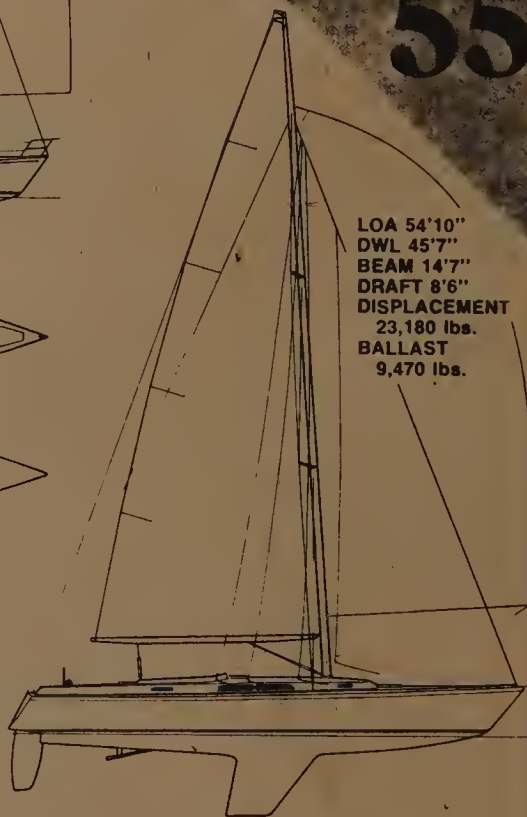


LOA 44'0"
DWL 36'1"
BEAM 13'0"
DRAFT 7'1"
DISPLACEMENT
14,516 lbs.
BALLAST
5,696 lbs.



FARR

55



LOA 54'10"
DWL 45'7"
BEAM 14'7"
DRAFT 8'6"
DISPLACEMENT
23,180 lbs.
BALLAST
9,470 lbs.



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OVERBOARD



Paul James

really freaked me out. I had the whistle and vest on, but I just kept thinking, 'as soon as I get back to shore I'm going to buy a personal strobe light and anything else they sell'. So now I do have a pocket strobe and three white flares and it's part of my outfit. We're going to rig a safety line and wear harnesses like we're supposed to. It's a very, very sobering experience. It's not as exciting as if it happened, but almost is close enough for me."

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24' Columbia Contender.....	5,500
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25' Irwin.....	11,900
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27' Reinell, keel.....	15,500
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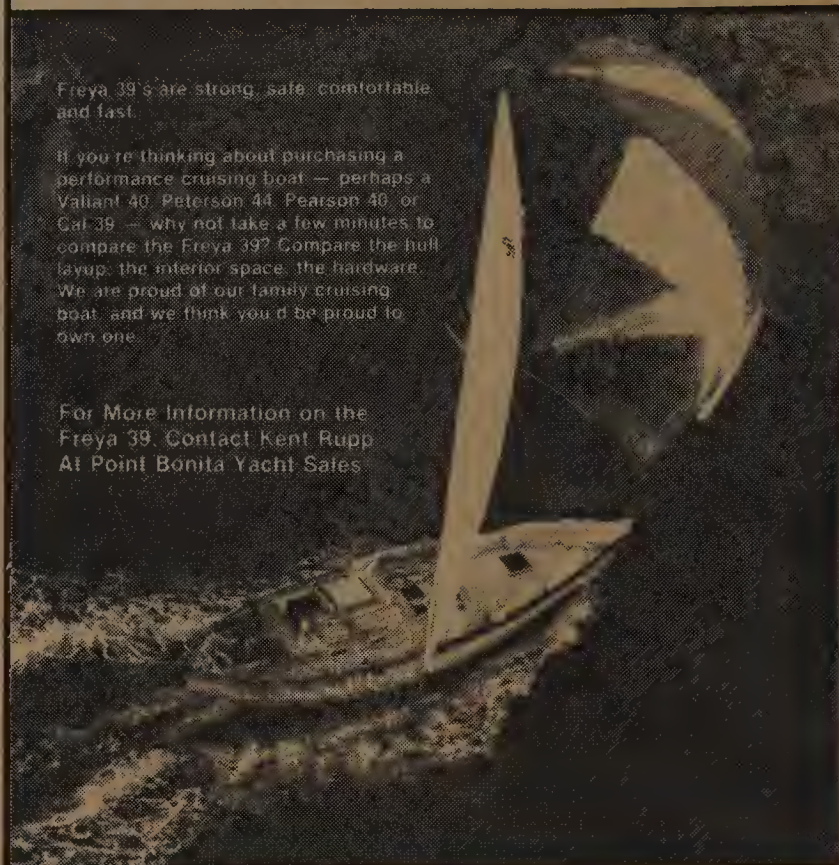
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LWL.....	31'5"	S.A.....	841 sq. ft.
Beam.....	10'5"	Ballast.....	10,000
Draft.....	5'0"		

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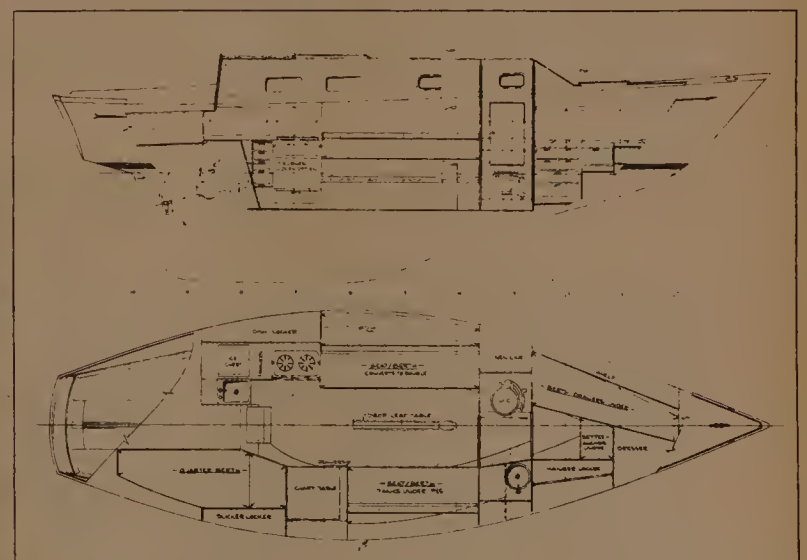
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LWL: 22'6"	Sail Area: 406 sq. ft.
Beam: 9'5"	Engine: 15 hp Diesel
Draft: 4'6"	



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SIGHTINGS

cruising china, cruising the mind

This happened a while ago, but we're going to tell the story anyway. We often get press releases in the mail and a couple of months ago we got a complimentary copy of *Pacific Skipper* and a couple of new releases touting it.

Our favorite, and the reason for this item, read as follows: "According to the author, the peril of being offcourse was great . . . My God, Red China. For the first time the consequences of a navigational error were driven home."

Actually the peril of misnavigating onto the shores of Red China wouldn't have been all that bad. At least that's what our old friend Tim had told us, and he'd had first hand experience in such matters. And this was long before Dick and Hank were recognizing Mao and the Gang.

Tim had been in Japan selling encyclopedias when he was struck with the realization that it was not his calling in life. So he bought and prepared a 29-ft wood sloop and set off from Japan to sail around the world. Not knowing his adz from his elbow at the time, Tim's rudder fell apart and he drifted upon the shores of an island belonging to Red China.

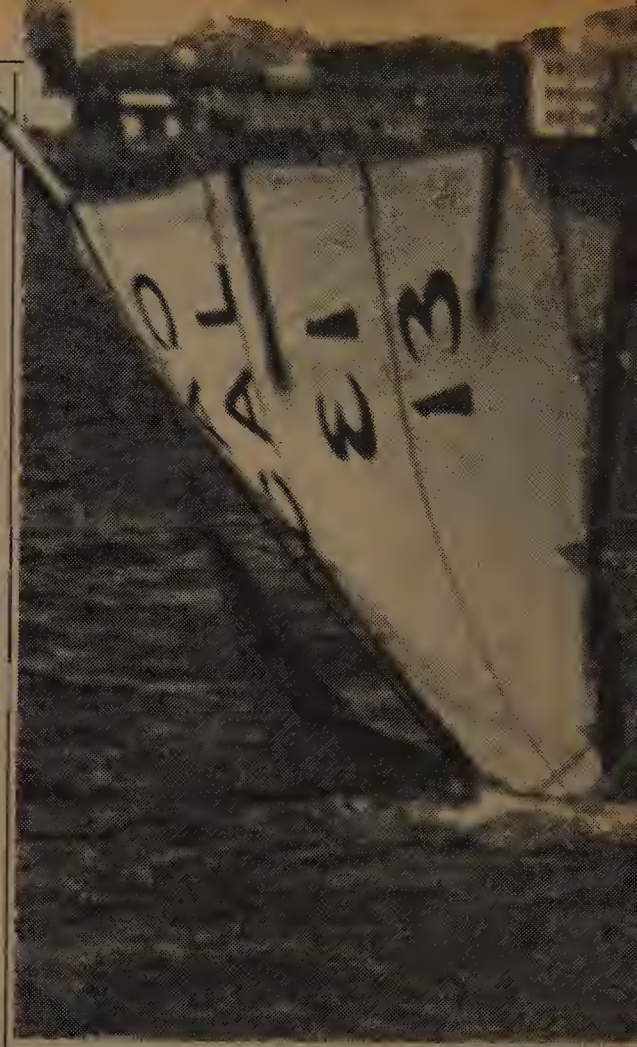
Tim was immediately surrounded by soldiers, and lots of hand gesturing ensued since they didn't speak English and Tim didn't speak Chinese. He was however able to 'translate' various motions with the machine guns which said, "if you don't get down in your cabin and stay there we're going to shoot you." All in all it turned out to be no big deal. After four days they got as tired of keeping him in the cabin as he was of staying there. They let him fix his rudder and sail away. Nothing wildly exciting. At least nowhere half as exciting as selling sailboats with Tim in Sausalito, who on slow afternoons would drop a tab of LSD, take the helm of one of the display boats, and spend the next few hours cruising through the waves in his mind.

the macarthur blvd. 47

Have you ever stopped to think where they get the names of the various models of sailboats that are manufactured? It's something that's intrigued us, particularly after seeing a two-page color advertisement for 'The Tyson' by CSY yachts. On the left hand page was a big gold 'T' within a circle of gold. Beneath it the copy read; "The Tyson has been designed for people who want the best regardless of price — for whom status is measured not by length, but by quality." It continues on like that.

We set the magazine down and racked our brains for any connotation or connection of the word 'Tyson' with luxury, opulence, or even sleazy old snobbery. We came up empty-brained.

We continued reading the ad and at the very end discovered what has to be the answer. CSY builds the Tyson in Tampa, Florida, on — we wish we were kidding — West Tyson Avenue for godsakes! What a letdown. We read the ad wanting to believe that this Tyson was absolutely the finest sailboat they could produce, but that's kind of hard to swallow when you realize they got the name from the streetsign in front of the plant. We suppose they're lucky they don't build the boats on Industrial Parkway . . .



latitude 38

David Graas of Bill Lee's Hilltop Gang in Santa Cruz sent us the following reply to last month's *Latitude 38* Photo Quiz (See Page 29):

"Of course the spinnaker is sideways, you can tell by the sail numbers. I hope you were kidding about sailmakers' comments. The guys on the boat seem to think everything is O.K. I guess if it works, don't worry about how it looks.

"Anyway, if I win, please send me double of whatever it is that counts. Keep up the good work, everyone in the 'Hilltop Gang' reads 38."

David did well. He was right that it was a spinnaker was not a beachball; and, he was right that we were kidding about the sailmakers. It's not that we were trying to pull anyone's leg, we just needed an excuse to run the

pyra

A couple of folks called us after last month's article on professional yacht racing, wanting to know the address of the Professional Yacht Racing Association, Inc. Like a couple of dumb-dumbs



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH SIMON

photo quiz

photograph. As for our saying "it counts double" that's just a meaningless expression we picked up from hanging around high school teachers.

Anyway, this month's *Latitude 38* Photo Quiz photograph was taken by Elizabeth Simon and sent to us by Paul Kamen. If you are the third reader to send *Latitude 38* the correct answer of what's happening in this picture — that's right, the *third* reader to send us the correct answer will win this month's sensational prize. We're awarding 'favorable windshifts for the entire month of March' to the winner of this quiz. Think of it, you'll finally be able to beat the guy who always embarrassed you or maybe be able to cruise right into your berth without hitting the breakwater. But don't think too long, send in your answers today.

address

we had neglected to include the address, which is: PYRA, 4409 West Coast Highway, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

puzzled by the tides on the bay?

We've always been, and that's why we're going to the Metropolitan Oakland YC on February 15th. Kame Richards will be there giving a talk entitled, "Tides and Tactics in San Francisco Bay". To make everything perfectly clear Kame has procured some U-2 photos so you can 'see' just what happens with the tides.

For more information call the Metro YC at (415) 832-6757.

i thought that maybe, just maybe

I am 15 years-old and I have been reading your magazine for a long time. I almost feel like I know all of you at *Latitude 38* I am writing to you because I am trying to become a crew member on a yacht racing out of the bay or Santa Cruz.

I have crewed on a Catalina 30, and I have raced on a Ranger 26 for most of a season. Almost every weekend my mother (Jeanie Treichel — who you might remember because she wrote "Two on a Laser") and I go sailing out of Redwood City Harbor on our 20-ft Signet. I am always the skipper and a lot of times I go out singlehanded.

I just thought that maybe — just maybe — you might put a line in about me in some part of the magazine. Example: "Need a crew? Carl Treichel 851-8828".

I realize this is a very, very unreasonable request, but considering my birthday is on January 26th, and you are *Latitude 38*, I thought to myself, "What the heck? I might as well try."

Thank you very much,
Carl Treichel

P.S. I also will be going in the 1981 TransPac as first mate aboard *Windlace*.

P.P.S. I would prefer to crew on boats over 30-ft, but will consider smaller yachts.

P.P.P.S. I'm sorry, but I forgot to say that I am 6'3" and weigh 160 pounds.

P.P.P.P.S. Enclosed is the money to renew our subscription.

Carl — We like your attitude. The "What the heck, I might as well try" outlook will serve you well, not only as you begin to date girls but later in life as well. We'll not only print your one line, but as you can see, your whole letter. Afterall, we are Latitude 38 and we do have a image to live up to.

Seriously, we do think it's a good idea, it being the beginning of the racing year, to give boatowners and people who want a crew a chance to get names exchanged. On the next 'Sightings' page we printed forms for people who want to crew and boatowners who need crew for racing.

Here's the deal: 1.) We must have the forms back in our hands by the 22nd of February. 2.) We absolutely cannot take any information over the phone. We'll hang up on you — really! 3.) All the names and information will be published in the March issue which comes out the first week in March. 4.) This is a one-shot deal — you miss the deadline and you miss out until next year.

Send the forms — or better yet, a xerox of the form — to "CREW LIST", Latitude 38, P.O. Box 1678, Sausalito, CA. 94965.

SIGHTINGS

I WANT TO CREW

My name is: _____

My phone is: _____

My age: _____ My sex: _____

Experience: _____ lots _____ little _____

I want to sail: _____ bay _____ ocean _____

I like: _____ under 30-ft. _____ over 30 _____

Fill out and return to "Latitude 38" by February 20. No Phone Calls!!!

can they make a cal 20 into a cal 40?

Great moments in yacht design. Lots of people who live on board their boats get to thinking that they'd like a bigger boat. Most people either decide they can get along with what they have or get out and buy a bigger one. But not Richard and Phyllis Ordway of Daytona Beach. They were living on *Old Timer*, their 40-ft cutter, and after 10 years "We cut the boat open in the middle, added 10 feet and put her back in the water". All this being done while they continued to live aboard. Voila, a 40-footer becomes a 50-footer.

Not a couple to rest on their laurels, the Ordways rerigged their 'sudden 50' to a cat schooner. We're not too confident we know what a cat schooner is, but they obviously do and are happy as hell with it, thank you.

when it rains, it ebbs

If you take a close look at a rough, tough, tide book, you'll notice it says, "Tide Table *prediction*: U.S. National Ocean Survey". The key word here is 'prediction', because the tides and currents lists can be dramatically altered by any number of changes in the weather. Strong winds is one; high seas another; and then there's rain.

In the middle of January it rained for 10 days in a row, and there was heavy flooding in the delta. The abnormally heavy flow of water into the bay and ocean from the Sacramento and American Rivers had a definite effect on the predicted tides and currents. We were out on three separate occasions right after the rains stopped and noticed that the flood tides were almost non-existent and the ebbs were very strong, much stronger than predicted in the tide book. So be aware, and don't believe everything you read.



what a difference

While gathering information for a story on Spaulding 33's that will appear next month, Sue Rowley was given the above photo by Larry Harris. It didn't fit in our Spaulding layout, but we figured it was interesting enough to run anyway.

Larry took the photo just after the start of the 1959 Buckner Race. Eight boats have just crossed the starting line, and look at the tremendous difference

not quite perfect,

The prudent mariner knows the Coast Guard is not perfect — so says the Coast Guard.

At the dawn of a new decade, the guys on the white boats with red stripes want sailors to understand that aids to navigation, particularly floating ones, are only used to indicate *approximate* positions. You see, buoys are hard to secure to ocean floors, they drift away, get blown away, are burned, sunk, vandalized, capsized, have their lights go



PHOTO BY LARRY HARRIS

20 years makes

in sizes.

From left to right the boats are; Farallone Clipper, *Echo*; *Orient*, *Baruna*; Spaulding 33, *Kim*; unidentified; *Athene*; *Kandu*, and a *Bounty II*. Notice that among these eight boats, there are only two masthead rigs in the whole bunch. Only one was made of fiberglass. What a difference 20 years makes.

but almost

out, their bells over-rung — all that kind of stuff.

No, a buoy's life is not an easy one. Due to these reasons, and the fact that the buoys are usually only checked once a year, means that "the mainers must not rely on floating aids to navigation, but will also utilize bearings from fixed objects and aids to navigation on shore." That's something to remember next time you see the Yellow Bluff buoy out by the Farallones.

I WANT CREW FOR MY BOAT

My name is: _____

My phone is: _____

My boat is a: _____

It's kept at: _____

I plan to race in: the ocean _____ bay _____

I sail for: fun _____ trophies _____ blood _____

Fill out and return to "Latitude 38" by February 20. No Phone Calls!!!

more bar problems

In the last issue of *Latitude 38* we recounted the tragic problems three sailboats suffered while transiting the San Francisco bar during stormy weather in November of 1979. But, it's not just recreational vessels that are threatened by that bar.

By now everyone is familiar with the names *Sentinel*, *Kona*, and *Agattu* — the tug and the two barges that broke loose and eventually washed up on the Marin headlands. The captain of the *Sentinel*, John Maddux, testified to the Coast Guard that the trouble started when the tug strayed outside of the main ship channel that crosses the bar. Once outside the channel Maddux estimated the waves at between 35 and 40 feet — the biggest he'd ever seen.

80 fingers, 8 belly-buttons

What has 80 fingers, 16 legs, 8 belly-buttons, a Boston Whaler, three Sabots, two Avon inflatables, and a North American 40? That could only be the Manzers, the U.S. Boating Family of the Year. Ma, Pa, and six kids — plus the boats.

Members of the San Diego YC, the Manzers were selected for that title by the National Marine Manufacturing Association. As a result of being chosen, the whole family won a free trip to the New York Boat Show as well as \$1200 in cash. Naturally the NMMA hopes the money will be put to good use — i.e. used as a downpayment for yet another boat.

You can nominate yourself to be the 1981 U.S. Boating Family of the Year, but it requires a heck of a commitment and we just wanted to give you an idea of the competition before you get your hopes up.

SIGHTINGS

one that is

Schaefer Marine has advised the Coast Guard that they are recalling their Series 05 blocks that come equipped with snap shackles. The problem is that the roll pin used to hold the screw — which is used to attach the shackle to the block — can sheer off under certain conditions. Given just the wrong set of circumstances somebody could get hurt. In order to prevent this possibility from becoming an unfortunate reality, Schaefer would like you to return the blocks to them so they can fix them. Send your Series 05 blocks *with* snap shackles to Schaefer Marine, Industrial Park, New Bedford, Mass. 02745.

and one that ought to be

In a related matter, Merriman hasn't recalled their opening widetrack genoa blocks, but maybe they ought to. We bought four of these lovely low-profile black beauties, and each one broke in the same place.

What happens is that the knurled knob that's attached to the pin (that runs through the sheave) simply detaches. First the knurled knob, then the spring fall into the water and the block opens up. It's a bummer. Incidentally, this problem is only true of the widetrack blocks that are designed to open — the ones designed to stay closed, do stay closed.

But, if you do have any of those that do open, we'd recommend that you look at them closely and think about having them fixed. We had two fixed by having the knurled knob welded onto the pin. The other two blocks had parts fall into the bay and we've sent them back to Merriman for repairs — and if you guys at Merriman are listening, hurry up and send the mothers back!

We've bought lots of Schaefer and Merriman marine hardware over the years and think it's pretty good stuff. But you should check these two items out.

boatshows and stuff

We went to the Cow Palace Sports and Boat Show figuring to have the place to ourselves. After all, the continuing depressing reports on the future of the economy made us certain nobody would be there. As it turned out, it seemed that *everybody* was there — at least more than we remembered from years past. Chats with various exhibitors indicated that people were not only looking, but buying, as the much-heralded recession just never seems to get here. If and when it does, it shouldn't hurt the local sailing industry as much as elsewhere since the bay area is reputed to be recession-resilient.

One place they *are* having trouble is Seattle. The problem is the state of Washington's usury laws that don't allow banks to charge more than 12 percent interest. With the prime higher than that, you can imagine how excited banks are about making boat loans. But that's not the worst of it. With that ceiling on interest rates the banks have called in some dealer's flooring — the money they lend out to dealers for display boats. In some cases manufacturers have had to buy boats back from dealers who had their flooring called in. It's really the pits up there — and it rains a lot, too.

morro bay

Early November marks the end of the hurricane season in Mexico, but nevertheless many local cruisers don't get headed that way until now. Those of you about to leave — as well as those of you who plan to cruise down south this summer — will be pleased to learn that

survival

This isn't scientific and conclusive, but those of you who take safety at sea seriously might be interested. In January the Seattle-based 110-ft crabber, *Gemini* went down. Three of its crewmembers were able to climb into a liferaft and survive freezing temperatures before being rescued.

Two of the three rescued were wear-

kauai

A year ago the idea of the Ballena Bay YC sponsoring a race from San Francisco to Kauai seemed like a pipedream — but now all indications suggest it will be a smashing success.

The 'Kauai Race Committee' reports that over 40 entries have already sent in initial deposits; many more are expected prior to the April 1 deadline. Up to 75 race boats will be allowed to race, under IOR, PHRF, or possibly even one-design in the case of Islander 36s and Santana 35s. (Can you imagine a one-design TransPac?) The race is open to almost any mono-hull over 30 ft.

The race starts June 15th just outside the Gate at Baker Beach. During early

doublehanded

Since singlehanded racing flowered around the world in the last decade, it has often spawned doublehanded races in its wake. That phenomenon is now taking place here in northern California. As the date of the 4th Singlehanded Farallones race approaches — it's the day before Easter — we've learned that there will be a Doublehanded Farallones race just a few weeks later.

Sponsors of the race are a relatively

dredging

a start has been made at dredging the always-shoaling entrance to Morro Bay.

Guessing how long it will take to complete the job is like predicting the weather. Meanwhile you can call the dredge *Headway* on Channel 16 if you get confused while entering.

suits

ing survival suits; they were reported in good condition at the hospital. The third man, who like the others was in his 20's, did not have a survival suit. He was listed in fair to guarded condition with frostbite below both knees, and was also suffering from hypothermia and dehydration.

crewed transpac

planning there was some discussion that the race might end at beautiful Hanalei Bay in Kauai, but it was decided that the finish will be at the more practical and accessible harbor at Nawiliwili. This is truly a fabulous spot for friends and family to come over for the finish of the race and an island vacation.

If you are interested in the race, call the race committee general chairman Joe Oakey at (415) 523-8090 or call the yacht club at (415) 522-9097. Race fees are \$350.

Some of you will remember that the Singlehanded TransPac will start from San Francisco that same day, with the same Kauai destination.

farallones

new but rapidly growing multihull sailing association, a group lead in part by Paul Mazza who has had great success in past Farallone races with his Hobie Cat conversion. While the race was conceived for multihulls, monohull entries will be invited to bring up the rear. It sounds like great fun and we'll be having complete details on the race and the growing multihull association in our next issue.

lawsuits and sailboats

A number of years ago during an Aeolian YC Lightship Race, a Columbia 22 broached, throwing several of the crew in the water. All were saved but one, and his estate sued the yacht club, the boat manufacturer, and others. The responsibility of the yacht club was never really established because the case was decided over another point. (Even though the guy who died was a guest of the owner, he was acting as skipper and consequently his estate was unable to recover.)

Right now on Long Island Sound a similar case is now taking place where the Lloyd Harbor YC is being raked over the coals. During one of its races a 20-ft boat broached in 25 to 30 knots of wind and 3 to 5 foot seas. The boat lay on its side with the sails and mast under water. It then turned completely over and stayed in that position for six minutes before the crew, pulling on the keel, was able to right the boat. Once righted, the boat wallowed for a short period, and then sailed off, leaving the skipper and crew behind. The skipper was picked up by another boat, the crewmember drowned.

Is the yacht club responsible for the death of the crewmember? In the Aeolian case it seemed that a yacht club's sole responsibility to participants was to provide a start, take finish times, and award trophies specified in the race circular. But an 'Aeolian defense' may not work. Sometime after that case there was a situation in California where a race committee cancelled a race because of rough weather; the committee closing up shop before all the entries had been accounted for. Some problem developed with one of the boats not returning, and a suit was brought against the yacht club. Prospects for the defense of the club looked so bleak, their insurer, fearing the establishment of a dangerous precedent, quickly settled out of court.

So what is the responsibility of a yacht club in sponsoring a race? What is going to happen with the suit against Lloyd Harbor YC? We'll probably have an answer in a couple of years. Meanwhile, we'd suggest that each boatowner and crewmember who enters a race recognize that there are many inherent dangers in sailing. If you're not willing to accept the responsibility for your actions, why not take up golf or tennis, or something.

hobie monohull

In late December *Sail* magazine came out with their 10th anniversary issue, an issue we found very enjoyable.

In it they had an article ~~of~~ the man their poll found to be 'Sailor of the New Wave' — Hobie Alter. Hobie started in surfboards, developed the famous Hobié Cats, and later got into model gliders — all of which were quite successful. What's next for Hobie Alter? A mono-hull sailboat, according to the piece in *Sail*.

Hobie said, "It's supposed to be a secret for another year, but I'm just about ready to talk about it. Through trial and error I've put together a 33' x 8' x 5½' sloop to go after the one-design, racing keelboat market. Modest accommodations, retractable keel, trailerable, light displacement (3,600 pounds), perhaps a fully battened main."

Hobie said he hopes to deliver the boats for \$25,000 in 1981.

CHAMP OF THE PACIFIC

NORTON'S LOG

Well, I've been here not quite 24 hours, and I'm ready to go. I was awakened this morning by somebody yelling at me for being in the spot some Russian trawler he works on is supposed to occupy in a few hours. I realize now why the Harbormaster wanted me here — to be the guinea pig so that nobody would take the space, so he doesn't have to take the blame. As I say, I'm ready to go.

Jean Luc finished today, just about a day and an hour behind me. That's a comfortable lead for me, I guess. He was a little annoyed to find that he wasn't in first. He seemed to have about the same weather that I had had. He must have done a lot of pounding because he broke — well, he had the same problem with the Navik that I did. He also whipped the whip antenna right off the top of his mast, but other than that he looks in pretty good shape.

Another day with nothing done. I couldn't even get a phone call out, the phone company closed — as usual. You can't make collect calls or charge them to another number from a phone booth, and nobody had enough pocket change to pay for the first three minutes. Let's hope I can get a hold of somebody tomorrow.

Given time you either adapt to something, or find a way around it. I guess I have done that here pretty well. As long as I don't look at or smell the water or spend too much time in town, then I've been having a fairly enjoyable time.

I ran into and intern from New Jersey who is here — you know, the typical American, blond, short hair with lots of "hi, hello" type friendliness. He does speak good Spanish, but is terribly disorganized. The two places he's taken us to dinner so far have been closed — and we showed up with two carloads of people. He hadn't thought to call ahead or anything, although maybe that's not possible. Both times we ended up having a lot of fun anyway.





CHAMP OF THE ATLANTIC

PART

II

Last night we went out to the mountains and had barbecued chicken. They cook the chicken by flattening it out as if a truck ran over it and throw it on the fire. We had a dozen of those for a dozen people. It was a pretty good mix of people: four English-speaking, four French-speaking, and four Italian-speaking, so a balance was maintained. When there are too many of one group, they tend to dominate the table conversation. This way everybody gets in a little bit, although there's a lot of translating three ways to get back to one. The Italians could only speak to us through the Spanish, and sometimes they even had to go from Italian to Spanish to English to French. Anyway, it was fun and then we all went out dancing.

The whole atmosphere here among the competitors is very much like the TransPac in Hawaii. Everyone feels a great common bond and is having a great time. On the whole, the language problem isn't too significant. The kind of extreme competitiveness you find in other races seems to be absent. Jean Luc's wife is bringing me parts for my Navik; I'm hoping the antenna I'm getting for him will arrive tomorrow. Generally, everyone is helping everyone else.

Steve, the intern from New Jersey gave Jean and me his car while he went sailing for the weekend. This being Saturday, we still have a little bit of time left. The car doesn't have headlights, but is functional in all other respects. We took it over the mountains to look at the other side to see if it might be possible to, or worth, sailing the beat up to the point and then sailing to the windward side of the island, if the wind is light at the start. That's definitely what I'm going to do. It's going to be a little hard to call, when it is light enough to do that.

I'm hoping to get the boat all put back together and ready for sea by Tuesday and then spend Wednesday and Thursday wandering around the island. Friday I'll buy food, and then anchor out somewhere where I can clean the bottom.

So much for that plan. The parts didn't come today and I

don't know where they are; perhaps in London, which doesn't do us any good here. Amy's even more worried than I as she's got more work to do, although, I figure that my autopilot is probably more vital. I can't imagine leaving here without it, the whole race was planned around getting that autopilot to work properly.

It's now the 23rd, Tuesday, the second leg starts the 27th. The parts didn't come in today, but I feel we did make progress. Steve made contact with a customs agent, and impressed upon him how important the items were. He said that in theory the next possible plane after Saturday was today, so hopefully they will be there tomorrow and he can get them through customs in 24 hours. That will still be O.K.

Actually I even feel better about leaving without the parts, having made some progress with the selfsteering simply by leaving it in the sun and squirting some WD-40 on it. The shrouds are, well, that can be jury-rigged. I got the halyard spliced today and put that on.

I've gotten other little things done. The winches have been greased, the rudder post has been tightened. Basically the boat's getting close to ready.

There's another reporter here now from another French sailing magazine, taking pictures and doing interviews. He must have used up an hour and a half tape on me. Mostly silences in attempted translations.

I'm not sure if it's from plain overeating, or from pills, or what, but I'm feeling really wiped out today in spite of having gotten things done.

Oh, the other broken part is the gooseneck. Steve, from the American boat, came over and said, "hey, that's broken." We pulled it off, took it down, and had it welded. It's a primitive-looking job, but it looks stronger than it was before. So with any luck, I may be out of here in a couple of days.

There's several other big cruising boats in the harbor, and they all seem to be going to Antigua. That must be *the* place to go in the Caribbean. So we should have lots of company over there, and a fair amount of company while going across.

We were all sitting around today, talking about what a good day today would have been to leave, with a strong northwesterly. Also it should have been a good day for the boats that haven't finished to finish, but it didn't seem to be enough.

It's the 27th, late afternoon, and the second leg of the race is on! [Sound of water sloshing again.] Actually, the race started yesterday about 1 p.m. when I got the parts to put the boat back together. After hassling all week long trying to find where they were lost. Probably they were in the airport the whole time, and that's why I'm glad to be leaving.

I got the parts about 1:00 p.m. and made a mad dash to put the boat together. The shrouds fit with the shorter set of tangs, so that was real simple. I got the Windex on which was a little scary, because when I got to the top of the mast, every motorboat in the harbor decided to leave. Plus it was gusting to about 30. But, the boat stayed upright and I was impressed with that, although I had my doubts.

I lucked out on a few things. I was hoisting the Windex on a string when the nut fell off the bottom. Both the nut and washer landed on deck and stayed on deck, so I figured it had to be my day. The next project was the autopilot; Alpha Marine Systems sent a new potentiometer that had a different shaft diameter than the old one. So, at 5:30 we made a dash to find a machine shop that could bore out the hole in the gear that had to fit on the potentiometer. Steve the 'miracle-man' gave me a lift to a shop he knew of downtown that was open to 7:00. I walked in and it turned out the manager

was on the race committee at the yacht club, he was going to be starting the race the next day. So that problem quickly got solved and I even got a ride back to the boat.

The next problem was putting it together and that had to wait until this morning because it was dark by that time. So the first project this morning was putting the autopilot together, and it all fit. After spending a couple of hours lining it up, the autopilot seemed to work fine.

I left the harbor about 11:00 a.m. and tried to tune the rig, but it doesn't seem to want to stay tuned. There seems to be a light permanent bend in the mast — not serious, but I'll have to keep an eye on it. Anyway, that worked and the autopilot worked, and I sailed up to a harbor that was relatively free of oil and spent the next couple of hours scrubbing the oil and gunk off the sides. In some places, the tar and oil were a quarter-of-an-inch thick. Once that was done, I put on all my furry, warm stuff and tried to get warm while sailing down to the starting line.

I missed the start by about a minute and sailed across the line with the tail-enders and headed for the windward mark



PHOTO BY DICK YORK

A pleasant welcome to Antigua

which was about a mile back up the coast, and caught about half the fleet there. I was 8th or so at the windward mark, but I had the advantage of knowing it was going to be a starboard tack broad reach while everybody else was stuck in the shadow of land and stuck on port. That's fine if you can jibe the spinnaker singlehanded, but mine doesn't jibe very well, and several other people without autopilots couldn't jibe it. So, I just reached out into the real wind on starboard, and within 40 minutes after the start I was back in the lead. I'm not gaining quite as fast as I had in Penzance, but I'm definitely ahead of the fleet. They all seem to be getting a little bit smaller. There's a line of them across my stern; I'm sure Jean Luc is there and I can see a couple of others.

Amy had a pretty good start, and was ahead of me and did quite well going up the beat. Then she must have done something wrong. I passed her on the beat, I guess she just wasn't steering as well, not pointing as high. I'm trying to pick out her spinnaker behind, and I think I can see here in about the middle of the fleet in good position, a little to the outside of the majority of the fleet.

The wind's come up all of the sudden, or maybe I'm just out in it. I'm doing 8 knots and I think pretty soon I should start to pull away.

It's 11:00 on the 27th and I passed the end of the island. I'm keeping well to the south to stay out of the wind shadow, since I already made one mistake like that today and was caught by another boat. I couldn't tell who it was, it was dark, but he was ahead of me. The only I know is that it wasn't Jean Luc, maybe it was Danielle.

The second mistake was carrying my spinnaker too long. I did a nose-burying broach that layed the boat absolutely flat and took off the Windex — so that installation lasted all of five miles. Generally it made a mess below since the lids weren't on the bins yet. So, the lesson is not to be greedy.

It's 8:30 on the 28th. I'm drifting along at about three knots with a big genoa poled out. There are three boats behind me off to port, close enough to see their spinnakers, but I'm not sure which boats they are.

I had a hard night trying to get around the lee of the island where probably I lost the time that I lost. It just seemed that the island did not want to let me go and did its best to destroy

whatever aplomb I had left. We sailed along O.K. for awhile, then it would go flat calm or we'd be beating into big waves. I don't know where they were coming from — well, they were not big but they threw the boat around, and the boom hit me in the head and all that kind of stuff.

I found the cockpit drains are leaking into my bunk. Also the solar panel is full of water — I really can't figure that one out.

It's 7:30 on the 10th, ah the 28th. The wind filled in this morning and I finally escaped the island after being passed by a boat I couldn't identify. Both of us had drifters up on various points of sail and he just went on by me. It was a little discouraging except that once the wind came up, it came up with a bang and I was off planing at 10 knots and left him in the dust very quickly.

I seem to have gotten a cold and a sore throat from somewhere.

Once the wind came up and it was unsafe with the drifter, I took that sail down and let the autopilot steer. I've tried to sleep and glue the solar panel back together, both of which are about half accomplished. I got some sleep, but still I'm really tired. I did a real funky job gluing the panel together, not to mention an even funkier job of

soldering it.

I'm dropping speed a bit, down to $7\frac{1}{4}$ knots, but I think I'm going to continue this way until night. It was a beautiful day, some kind of front passed over, and since then the wind has come aft a little more and the sky has cleared.

It's almost midnight, and I'm waiting to see if anyone is on the radio. I'm disappointed in the amount of juice the autopilot has used up. The battery is dead and the . . . I don't think I've had it on 24 hours yet, and it did have a full charge.

Winds are lighter and have come aft, so I'm steering with the windvane and the poled out 110. It seemed to be doing alright, although I know I could be going a lot faster with a bigger jib. But I don't think anybody is going much faster, so when I feel a little better I'll start pushing it.

Well, it's 7:00 at night on the 29th and I had a really nice day sailing. The wind was 10 to 12 knots out of the north, shifting around to the northwest. I had the drifter up on the pole with one extension and the 110 set inside that, and the



PHOTO BY DICK YORK

Finally . . .

newport 30II

**ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE
CRUISING & RACING
ONE-DESIGN FLEETS ON
SAN FRANCISCO BAY.**

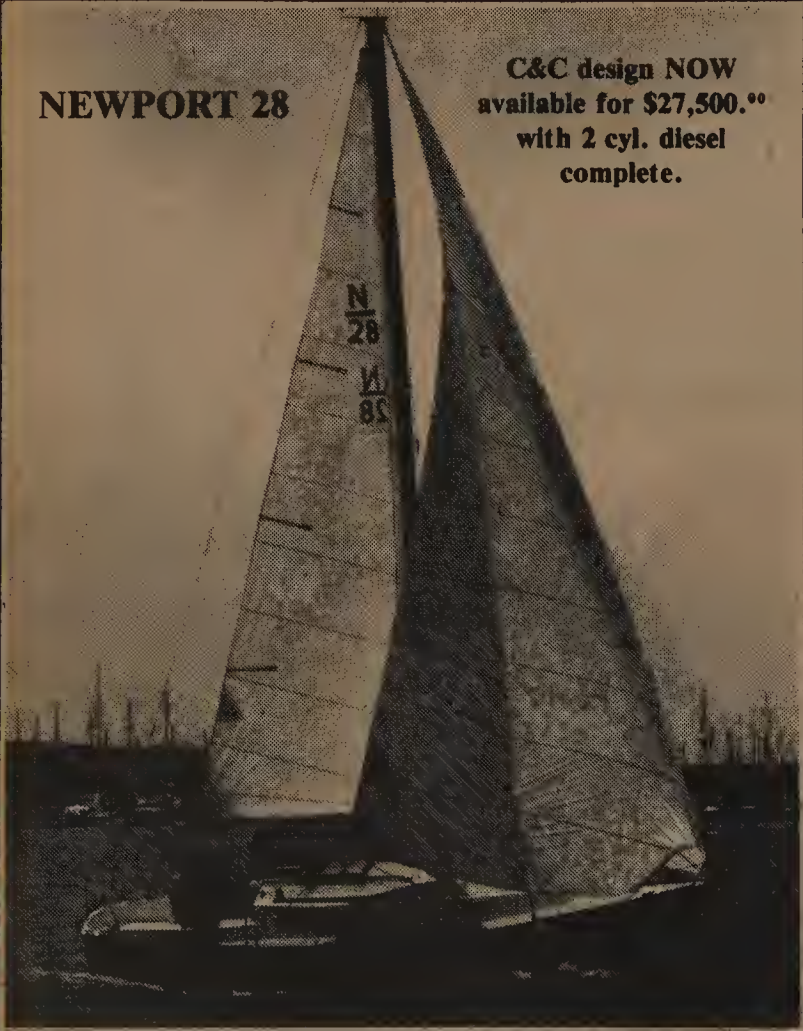
The Newport 30 is the roomiest, most stable boat available in this size range. If you're thinking of a Cruiser in the 30'-34' size, do yourself a favor and come see the Newport 30II. If you want excellent one-design competition — the Newport 30 is a must see. 75 gal. water — 2 cyl. diesel available. A few Spring Boats are available.



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sailaway. Cruise equip.
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full main. I was averaging between 6 and 7 knots, bringing the apparent wind forward of the beam from well aft. The wind has come up a little now and I'm doing 8 knots with the autopilot steering.

I tried the windvane, because now I'm worried if I have enough fuel to recharge the battery. I was discouraged to find how quickly the autopilot drained the battery yesterday, but I'm going to try it again today. I ran the generator for an hour and 20 minutes — about half a tank of gas. We'll see if that will do 12 to 14 hours of autopilot. If so, then I've got plenty of fuel. If not, I'm going to have to cut down on my electrical consumption.

I turned on the radio and heard the squawks and static of a few other racers, but I couldn't raise anybody and nobody was close enough for me to understand what they were saying. That either means all the talkative ones are behind me, or that all of them are behind me . . .

I still have my cold, but it seems a little better. I did have a couple of good sleeps, but it's still hanging on there. I had my first good meal. Yesterday, everytime I came below I was getting seasick, I don't know if it was the cold or what, but it certainly wasn't because it was rough out.

It's 2:00 on the 30th, surprisingly the wind has come dead astern and was pretty quick about it. I expected a gradual change over the next three or four days, but here it is, and here we are rolling downwind. I took down the big sail and put up the chicken pole, the 110, until I get used to it.

It's 10:00 on the 30th [music playing in the background for the first time.] I'm about to try setting the spinnaker again. The winds are getting lighter and are still dead astern. It might mean I'll have to reach up a little, but we'll see how much speed it adds.

The autopilot is still steering off the same charge we put in yesterday and the solar panel, seems to work a little bit, although I'm surprised to learn how high the sun's angle of incidence has to be before it puts out any power. But things are looking up on the electrical side.

It's quite hot today, and I'm surprised, I'm getting into the tropics faster than I expected.

I'm having some trouble with the pole release on the

foredeck, it seems to be a little too sensitive. It already released itself once, so I'm going to have to figure out a way of strengthening the spring action a little bit. But it did release and didn't hurt anything, so I think the idea is workable.

I guess I'll have to admit I'm in the trades. It's now 9:30 or so and the wind has been steady. It's a little lighter now, but it's been blowing up to 15 knots in the middle of the day and then dropping to 10 or 12 in the evening. I saw a pilot whale, but other than that, no signs of life. The sea is really quite

nice, maybe 1 or 2 foot waves and about 4 foot swells. With the spinnaker and main, we're just driving along averaging 7 or 7½ knots. It seems a very pleasant way to get to Antigua.

Right now the sky has really cleared up, all the trade wind clouds have disappeared and the stars are out. Actually, there are a few clouds on the horizon and a little cirrus which I guess is from the frontal system shown on the weather chart. I'm a little worried about those, I hope they don't lift over the high and push it out of the way, although I guess at this point there's not much I can do about it.

Looking at the chart it does seem that I haven't gone very far, the first 400 miles really didn't make much of a dent.

I'm starting to rig the pole so I can wing out my second jib, but I'm having a lot of qualms about it. I'm not sure why, I think maybe I'm just being lazy. I'm also a little worried about the autopilot, it has this unnerving habit of suddenly giving maximum thrust at maximum force for about an inch. It's like it gets hung up and has to make a mad dash to catch up. It really doesn't hurt anything, but if it indicates a bad contact or something dying in the mechanism itself, it could lead to serious difficulty. I'm not sure I have the expertise or the tools to take anything like that on here on the boat. Otherwise it's been behaving fairly well. It can't steer with the spinnaker going more than 6 or 6½ knots, and this wing-on-wing stuff really rolls, but we seem to keep on course.

It's 7:35 on the 31st and I actually managed to get the spinnaker up before sunrise this morning. I jibed the boat with only a small temper problem to do with the vang.

It looks like another nice day like yesterday. The barometer is a little higher, I hope that's not meaning I'm too close to the high, although I can't imagine how that would be.



Remey Cousin's French entry

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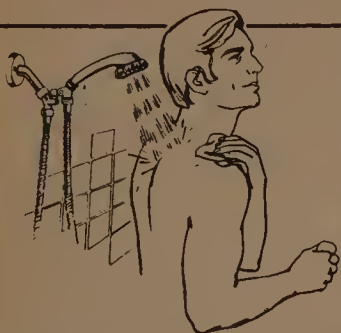
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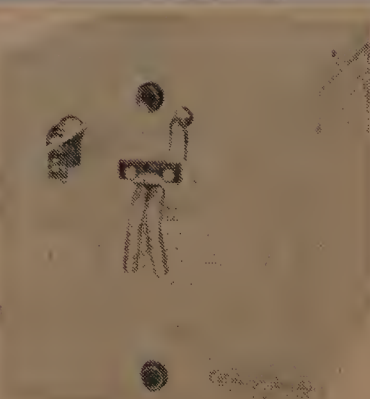
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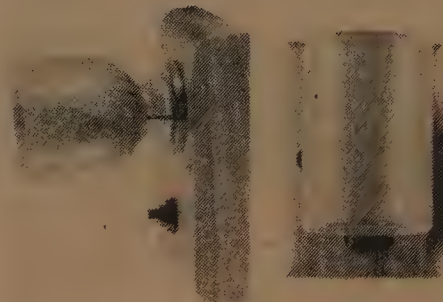
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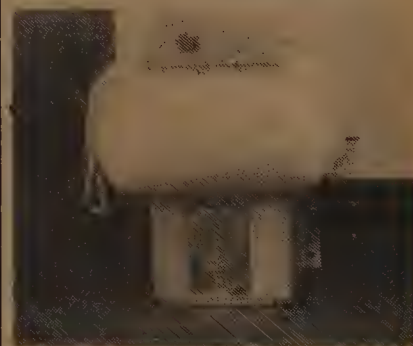
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It's 3:30 in the afternoon on the 31st. We had a little calm spell just now so I took advantage of it with a 2-gallon freshwater shower and about a gallon and a half clothes washing, to do my jeans and my towels. Yesterday I got all my grubby snot rags together and washed them. So there are some advantages in having more than enough fresh water. I plan on taking a couple of more baths to get down to a reasonable supply of water, and then go back to a more normal half a gallon of water a day. I just couldn't force myself to throw the extra water overboard the first day, especially when with all the water I seemed to be going faster than anybody else. And, we really haven't had any heavy downwind surfing conditions where I would want to get all the weight out of the boat.

It seems like this morning it was just a little bit windier than others, while this afternoon it has gotten a little bit lighter. Occasionally the autopilot will steer, but most of the time the boat is just going too fast.

I started setting up for the twin runner rig last night and never quite got finished, but I think I'm going to try that tonight. The wind keeps shifting back and forth 10 degrees or so, and I think at night it will be easier to set the thing on a dead run and let it switch back and forth and go to sleep. Also running the generator an hour a day seems to be able to keep up with the autopilot's electrical demands, which is a comforting thought because I thought it had been using more power than that the first day. It means my fuel consumption is going to be in line with the fuel I have on board — all three gallons of it.

The only thing that doesn't seem to be working out is my log. I can't figure out why it's so confused. It underread by about 20 miles, according to my sights, so I'll have to watch it carefully. I'm also a couple miles south of where I expected, so maybe my compass has a slight error, too.

I'm really enjoying the sailing in these conditions. There is enough wind to keep the boat going at a refreshing speed without being worried about broaching. Most of the day I was averaging about 8 knots, just about the right speed. You can't go any faster than that and keep the decks dry and be sure of keeping the boat right-side-up with the big spinnaker up. When you go much slower, it starts to get boring and it seems like it is going to take too long to get to Antigua.

The sails all seem to be about the right size. I would think of having a slightly smaller genoa as the second twin, but otherwise they're all in good shape.

The interesting part about the design of the boat is that it doesn't have a bunch of gimmicks or 'go-fasts' that are any breakthroughs, but it seems to have the right mixture of all the latest thinking. Other boats have water ballast, tall rigs, long booms, blunt bows, and all those various ideas for good reasons, it's just that the mixture or the execution was wrong. I think that's where we've made out with this boat, it has the

right mixture of good ideas. Certainly the water ballast, the long boom with the efficient easy-to-control main, the strong hull, and the very strong rudder are all very important. The pumping system seems quite good. The jib lead system is well, probably more suited for an around the buoy racer, but is no disadvantage.

The basic hull shape . . . I'm not sure how much that has to do with it. I'm sure it has a lot, but it seems like it's basically a question of having enough power to drive it. It does get up and plane, but I think many other boats like an E boat of the same weight to sail area, would probably plane as easily.

The whole concept plus the execution of *American Express* make my Santa Cruz 27 *Solitaire* in the TransPac look like a lame attempt. It's nice to just have things working right this time, even simple things like the generator. You just plug in the tube and start it up, you don't have to hassle with setting a Honda in the cockpit.

The water ballast . . . I've been amazed how often I used that. Even today, while I was running downwind with the spinnaker up, I was pumping ballast in and out. The wind would come forward onto more of a reach and the boat needed a little ballast — either, me on the rail or I'd have to pump some ballast in. It's that sensitive and that easy to do. If it were a hassle, I'm sure I wouldn't bother — or else I'd leave it full all the time.

I've started running the generator in the morning, just after breakfast. My theory is that time goes faster then, so the hour I have to run it won't take as long. Nevertheless, it's an amazing relief when the noise stops. It doesn't seem that noisy when you start it, but when you stop it all of a sudden there is only the quiet hiss of water going by — then you see just how disturbing it was. It's a totally different kind of sound too, because I think of the boat as being a noisy place, the water like a white sound generator. It's not as nerve-racking — except when I'm trying to sleep and the boat starts surfing a wave and I hang on, wondering if it's going to come out of it right side up.

The wind's down to the point where we're only doing 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ knots. That's alright and pleasant, as long as everyone else is only doing 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ knots. Everytime it slows down like this I get paranoid that either I'm too far north or too far south. It may be something to do with the high clouds that have been coming over all day. I hope the wind doesn't die completely and leave us with a flat calm or something. It was like this last night, too, so I'll assume this is the pattern for this part of the Atlantic.

It's 9:45 p.m. on the 31st and I've just been working on the autopilot which is not broken, but dying. It jams up every once and a while, so I took the motor unit apart and determined that the problem is in that unit and therefore not electronic. That means it is perhaps repairable. I've squirted a bunch of oil around 'in there, but it doesn't seem to have

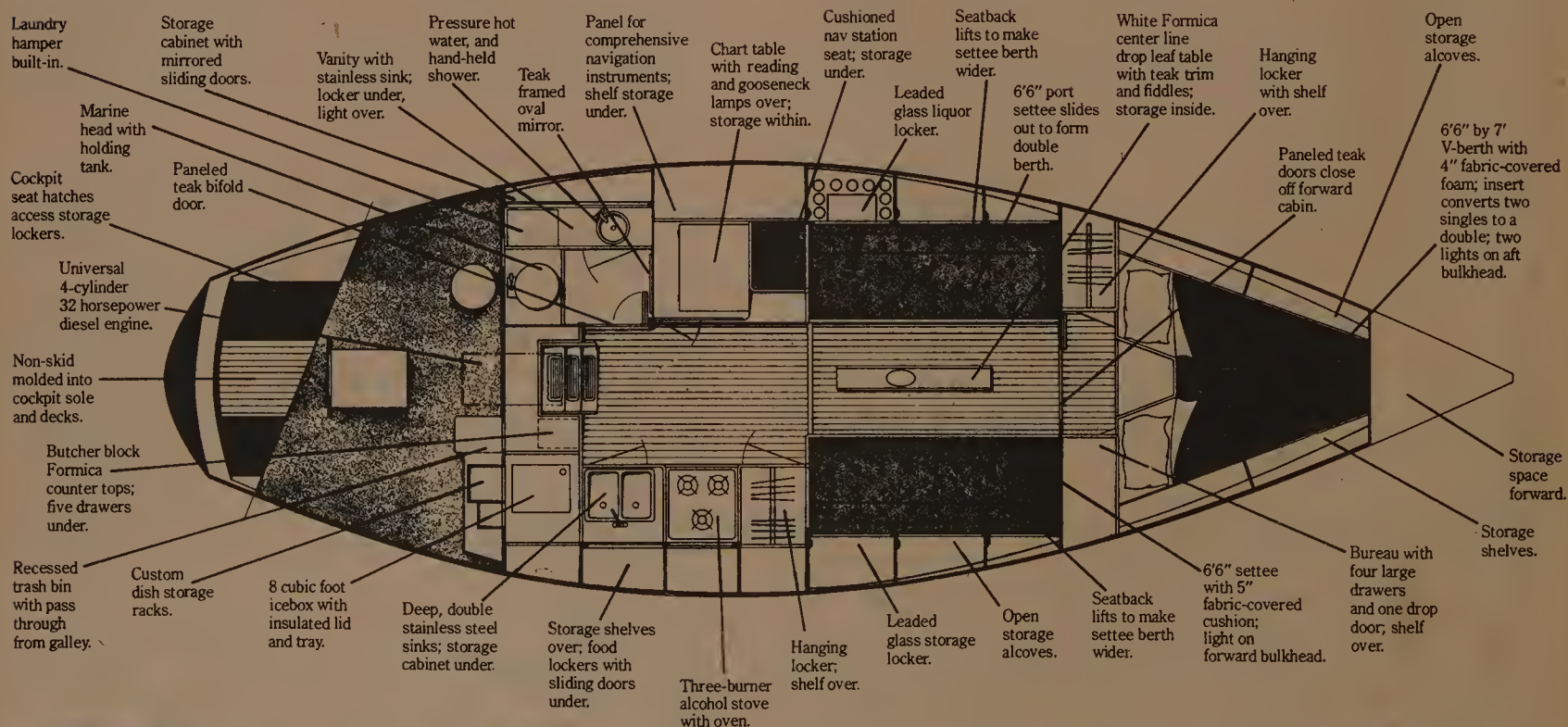
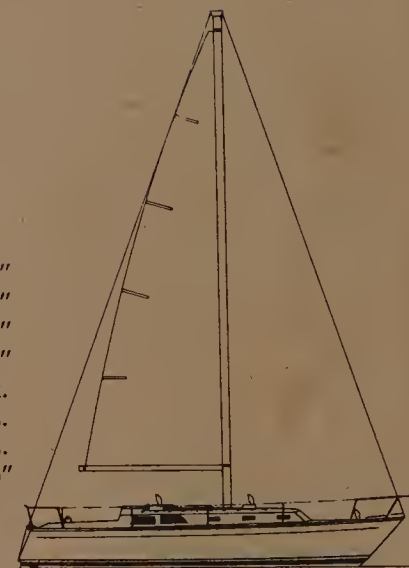
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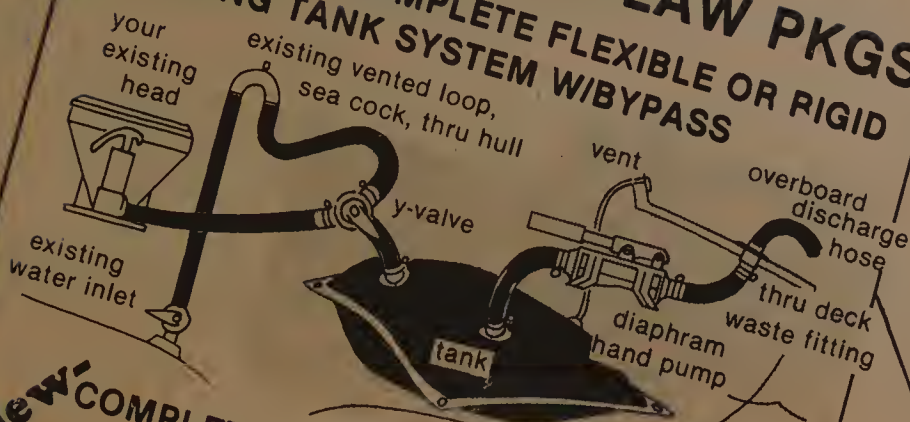
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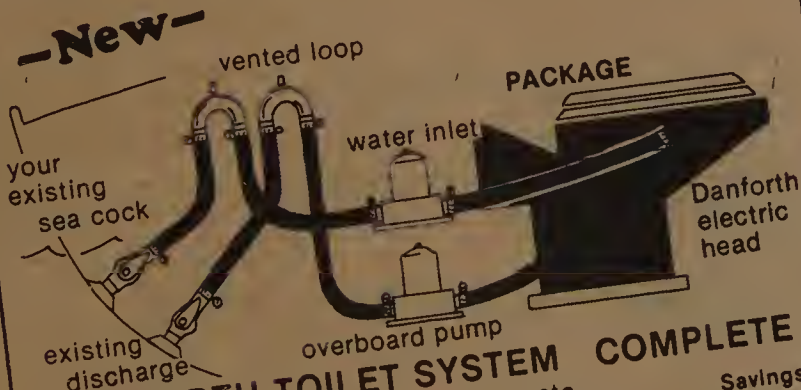
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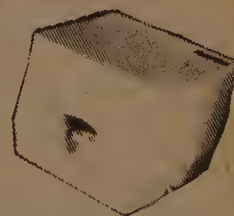
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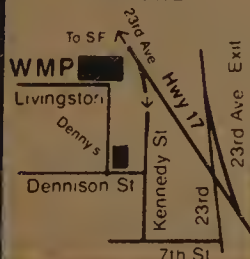


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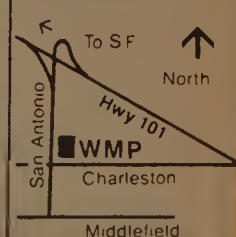
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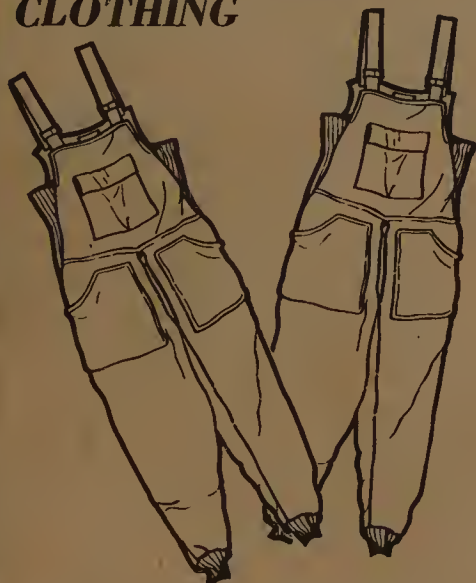
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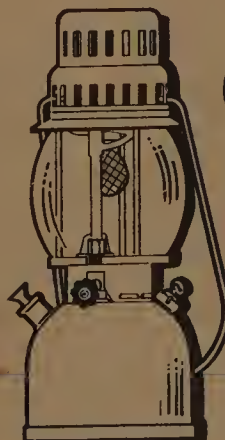


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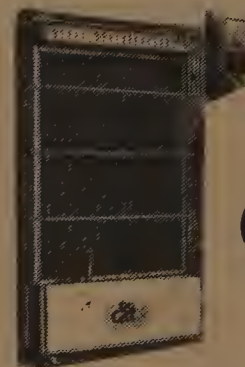


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helped anything.

The good part is that while taking the autopilot off, I didn't put the Navik on. Instead I tied some lines to the tiller for my twin running sails which are up for the first time. I found that it steered the boat quite well, in fact better than the Navik. So, if all else fails, there's at least that.

It's 1:20 p.m. on the 1st of December. I woke up early this morning and decided I wasn't going to start my day until the sun did. So I sang 'Happy Birthday' to myself, and rolled over and didn't quite go back to sleep, but at least waited until dawn to get up.

My justification for not putting up the spinnaker right away is that dead downwind the twin runners were going as fast as the chute would in the light conditions. So I fiddled around with the autopilot which still acts up despite me shooting some oil in it. It looks like a real job trying to get it apart, so I'm going to wait until it dies completely.

It's quite a bit lighter today. Now I have the spinnaker up and the main. The autopilot is steering and we're doing about 6½ knots. I came down to take a noon sight and there's still high clouds to the south and relatively clear skies to the north, with a few scattered cumulus. The cumulus have started to gather now as the wind is coming up a bit, so there should be some wind this afternoon. Actually, there is some wind right now, we're rolling around quite a bit, so I guess I should go steer.

I wondered if anyone has ever calculated the odds of someone trying to throw something overboard from the companionway and hitting the lifeline instead. And then, figured out the number of times they've actually hit the lifeline and got some goop sticking all over it — or worse yet, have it ricochet off the lifeline and bounce back into the cockpit.

It's 4:50 on the morning of the second, and it seems to be the night for sail changing. I steered until 9:30 with the spinnaker up because the wind came up and around from the south. It was a great broad reach, averaging 8 knots for the first time all day. I hated to take the chute down, and since I couldn't decide what to put up, I just kept on steering. Finally I poled out the big genoa which lasted for a few hours before the wind came forward. Then I put up the drifter with the tack at the end of the pole — which is what I should have had up in the first place. Then the wind shifted around with a couple of clouds and came forward a little more, so I put the jib up with the drifter and the main. Although we're not going fast, it's very pleasant.

Now that my cold's pretty well gone and my lips almost healed from the first night I expected to start feeling pretty good, but I'm totally wiped out. I feel dizzy, and I just slept for another 3 or 4 hours in one hour stretches. It's now noon and I still feel burned out, so I'm glad it's an easy day.

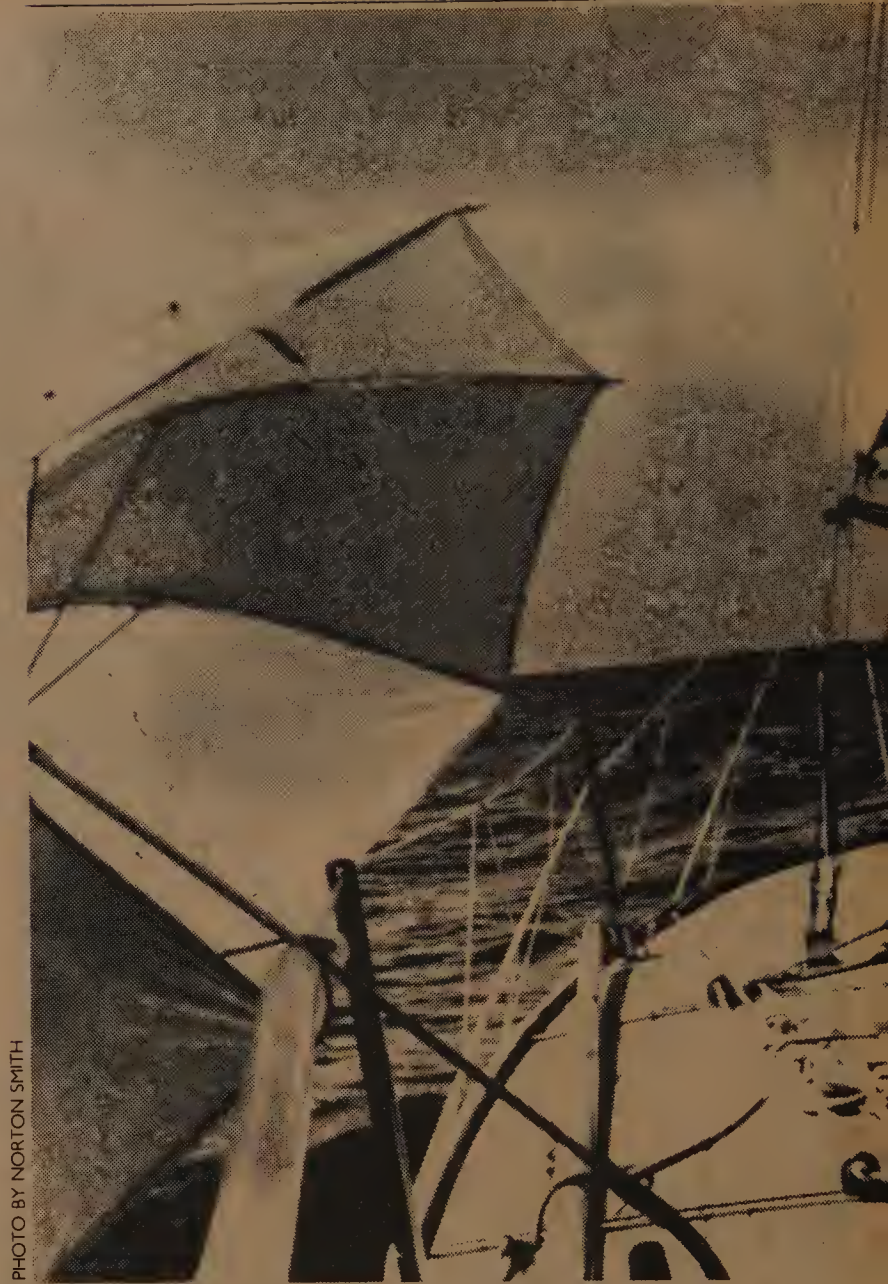


PHOTO BY NORTON SMITH

I just reviewed my notes on easterly waves and decided that's what I'm in. So, the southerly wind doesn't bother me, since it should gradually shift around to the east again without dying. If there was going to be a calm spot, it was going to be yesterday sometime.

I still haven't figured out what to do with my body. I've been taking a dose of vitamins and I'm not sure if I should increase or decrease it — or just go back to bed, which is what I think I'm going to do. It's too cloudy to get a sight, and all I've succeeded in doing while trying to cook breakfast is drop a half dozen eggs on the floor.

It's 8:30 on the 2nd, and I'm still feeling pretty wiped out although there is some improvement over this morning. I just got through doing my sail changes. Starting out with the drifter on the end of the pole, I decided that was too much for the self-steering to handle efficiently, so I took it off and put the Santa Cruz 27 genoa tack down on the bow. I found that that was no faster on this point of sail than the 110 — both about 5.6 knots. So I put the Santa Cruz genoa on the pole and tried to reef it, partly rolling it, but that didn't work. So now I've got it set fully on the end of the pole and even though it's pretty much the same size, it offers slightly less



The double head rig on "American Express"

heeling movement than the drifter because it twists off. It seems to be doing a little better anyway, and we're up to 6.8 knots. With that I'm going to have my salad and go to bed.

Ten minutes ago I said to myself "Now that I'm back to being worried about the last $\frac{1}{4}$ knot, I guess I must be feeling better."

1:30 a.m. on the 3rd and this is getting to be just like old times. I'm beating with a reefed main and reefed jib on port tack, into I don't know what. It seems strange, I thought the wave already passed, maybe this is a second one. I guess this is going to be known as 'the race of the southerlies.'

It's 11:55 on the 3rd. There's another front coming through — or at least after another nice morning of reaching with the wind just forward of the beam, we're hard on the wind again. It's no particular squall, just a line of clouds. Whatever the disturbance is I seem to be right on the northern border of it.

2:40 on the afternoon of the 3rd. Hard on the wind, what more can I say?

This is getting discouraging. The wind is directly out of the west, blowing light enough so I'm tacking through about 120

degrees, or so it seems. I just don't want to be here anymore. My head's feeling really wiped out, cloudy, foggy, what have you. I'm feeling sort of seasick even though there are absolutely no seas. I just generally don't want to be here.

It's 10:00 p.m. This afternoon when trying to tack I realized how weak I was, how fuzzy I was getting. I scared myself enough that I started a calisthenics program to get my body back so it's working.

That's going to have to be one of my first projects back in San Francisco, to really sort this thing out. Whatever is going on is getting steadily worse. At any rate, I was trying to do 20 minutes of running in place and push ups and that. After 10 minutes I was so tired that I fell asleep for two hours, which has done something good for my morale.

I woke up thinking "well, it hasn't done anything for the wind." While I was sitting there, the wind did come around so now I'm close hauled on starboard tack. Incidentally, that's not a scratching on the tape in the background, it's pounding into a chop again.

It's 3:40 a.m. on the 3rd. For the last couple of hours we've been running both gybes, and beating on both tacks. Now we're close hauled on starboard tack, headed about 30 degrees below course.

It's pouring rain [clearly audible on the tape]. It's been raining hard for about an hour, with occasional thunder and I can't even tell which way it's moving, so I can't figure out which way to get out of it.

It's 10:50, and it's flat calm. I tried rowing for about half an hour, but it just seemed futile. I've put the sails back up and got the boat to slate along a little bit, pointing in the right direction.

A tanker went by a while ago, quite close. He had his radar on, but he wouldn't answer on the radio. He's obviously going to Cape of Good Hope from Labrador or something, I wish he had said hello, I would have liked to find out what the weather is like to the north.

It is quite surprising, how that simple contact from seeing somebody out here puts everything back in perspective. Suddenly instead of being totally decimated by not moving, it seems like "allright, maybe it's calm for a day, maybe two days, but pretty soon I'll be able to get to Antigua." A few hours ago it just seemed so hopeless that I was really bummed out.

Getting back to the same point as the Hawaii trip of really having trouble keeping in perspective; when things go wrong, it seems like the whole world is wrong. Since most of the time some things are going wrong, it's hard to keep from getting discouraged. It seems like I've been here an endless period of time, that there's no beginning or end of the trip. With no wind it seems like it has always been that way, and always will be. Unless I see something moving on the horizon it seems

norton's log

like I am doomed to slat around out here forever.

It's the same with rowing. I know I can row 10 miles today, and if I was in shape I could row a lot more. I can't imagine that doing any good. I just can't get it into my head that a race can be won or lost by 10 miles; that 10 miles is 10 miles — and it all adds up. But that's hard to comprehend right now. [The background noise has been very, very slight. You can 'hear' how still it is.]

[Lots of background noise]. It's 4:30 in the afternoon and there's a little bit of a breeze now. We're up to four knots with everything set, even though it took me about 5 tries to get things like the genoa sheet rigged right. There's a large swell out of the northwest which is making it difficult to keep any speed up. In five knots of wind, which is what we've got, the sails are still backing.

For some reason the autopilot seems to be setting off the radar alarm. That didn't used to happen and that worries me a bit. Well, I'll take that back, it's not being caused by the autopilot at all, it's something else, probably a thunderstorm.

It's 6:30 on the 4th. I'm watching the squalls coming out of the west, and it looks like I'm constantly sailing into this squall generator. These big, black things just appear on the horizon, blot it out for awhile, then come over and dissipate somewhere in the east. I hope that means I'm nearing the source, but who knows?

I saw a sheerwater just now, it's one of the few birds that I've seen. There's been very little life on the trip — on this boat as well, I suppose. On the way to Hawaii, there seemed to be many more birds. I've seen one tropic bird and several petrels, but other than that, very little. It certainly is not constant sheerwaters and albatrosses every day.

It's 10:27 on the 4th. I still don't believe it, but the wind seems to be out of the north. The sails are full, we're on a starboard tack, and we're moving along at close to five knots. This has been going on for an hour now.

The moon is out and the wind is not due to any squall, so maybe it's actually happened and it's ended. Maybe I'm not going to spend the rest of my life like Sisyphus, beating into these squalls.

It's amazing how shallow this layer of southerlies is. All the clouds are still going north, and just at the lower couple of thousand feet are the tradewinds trying to fill in — I hope that's what's happening anyway.

Maybe I'm in luck! I just spotted the first dolphins of the trip.

It's now 3:00 a.m. on the 5th. The wind came directly aft a little over an hour ago, so I've been working, taking a little over an hour to set up the twin runner and get the oar blade dissembled and put back into the spinnaker pole and all that. With my luck the sheets were lead through everything twice. Still, there was enough time for the wind to almost completely

die. So here we are, slating around with everything set.

An important part of these singlehanded races for me, is giving up, first of all the race, and secondly, trying to control things — like when I get there and all that. Once I give that up, it just comes down to physically slogging it out.

It's 5:00 in the morning on the 6th, and I take back all my optimism from yesterday. The wind just keeps coming forward, and we're down to just the jib and a main. I've been up off and on most of the night, steering in the squalls. There seems to be one about every 2 hours.

It's 8 p.m. on the 6th. The day just sort of disappeared. It looked like a good day, with the trade wind clouds, quite a bit of sun and all that. The only difference is that the wind was out of the south. So maybe that's just the way these trades blow.

I spent the day beam reaching, partly with the main and jib, partly with double-head rig. I think I even had the spinnaker up for about an hour this morning . . . oh, I guess that was yesterday morning. At any rate, that's one good part. The other good part is that by tomorrow I can almost for sure make the halfway point. It seems like it's taking an awful long time to get there.

The bad point, the disaster, is that the pulley came off the generator and chewed up the belt and I don't have a spare belt. I figured any belt worth it's salt can survive 20 hours of use — well, that was providing that the pulley stayed on. So here I am, with a perfectly functional autopilot that's steered a whole lot better than the Navik — I just haven't been able to get the Navik to do shit. Now I have no way to get enough electricity for the autopilot although I did make a samson braid V-belt and then vulcanized it with silicon seal. When that dries I'll give it a try, but I don't have a lot of hope for it.

It's 11:00 p.m. I just decided to take the more conservative approach tonight, slowing down enough so that the wind-vane can steer. That means taking down the headsail and just reaching with the jib and main. I went down from about 6.6 to about 5.8 knots, so that's a significant reduction. But, I figure no one else even has one of those 'cheater' sails so . . . at least that's my hope.

6:30 a.m. on the 7th. The lesson for the night is "don't trust the tradewinds, particularly if they are out of the south." I went to bed about 2 hours ago thinking that with the wind-vane I'd get a good sleep for an hour or so. I woke up about half an hour later and felt that something was wrong, but I couldn't pinpoint it. I looked at the compass and it read 90°. I looked at the knotmeter and it was a little slow. I looked at the compass again and realized that I wasn't inside the bunk but on deck, and therefore it was supposed to read 270°. We'd

gone through a 180° shift!

After despairing of that, turning the boat around and heading the other way, the wind died completely. I've been slating and banging around in whatever this is for the last couple of hours.

GOD DAMN THIS WEATHER! [First really emphatic outburst of the entire log.] A constant series of squalls keeps coming through, each one bringing wind and rain out of the west. It's just not supposed to be a beat to Antigua.

The time is now 2:48. The wind didn't go back after the squall, so we're still beating on a port tack. It's bright, sunny skies and we're going about 4 knots. The good part is that we're just about halfway there.

God, it's taking a long time.

I think this ocean is nothing short of diabolical. Out of something like 24 days at sea in the past month, the wind's been blowing out of it's 'normal' direction only about three days. Actually, the first leg wasn't so bad; at least I was moving all the time and you kinda expected it to be . . . if it was out of the south, O.K., then it was out of the south, and everybody else probably had the same conditions. Out here, I'm not sure everybody has the same conditions. This business of reaching along for an hour, then hitting a squall, then being becalmed, then slating around for awhile, then reaching again, then slating around — it's very frustrating.

It's 2:00 in the morning on the 8th. Maybe there was some sort of magical line about getting halfway across, because this has actually been quite a pleasant night, although I suppose I shouldn't say anything until it's over. We're reaching along at 6 or 7 knots, and have been for about 3 hours now. There are no squalls, the autopilot is driving, everything is up. There's 10 knots of wind, and what looks like puffy tradewind clouds. If it continues like this until Antigua, I'd be quite pleased.

The conditions continued all night and it's now noon on the 8th. I had a really pleasant night with the three sail reaching. The autopilot was on as the windvane wavered 25° off course. I thought I would use the autopilot even though I don't have any electricity to charge the battery up at night; I'll try to get it charged during the day with the solar panels.

This morning the sky was just infested with squalls, most of which seem to have passed over now. We're still hard on the wind, on port tack, about 15 to 18 knots of breeze. We're moving along well, although the wind is quite far forward. There is wind, so I'm not complaining.

My energy level is either proportional to the windspeed or is just on an up cycle today. Yesterday was a real down day, but today I feel quite a bit better. I'm not sure if it's because I'm not taking any vitamins . . . or what. If it is some regular cycle of my energy, the cycle seems to be down to 48 hours now —

it seems like it used to be a week.

I took advantage of one of the squalls this morning and since I was all wet anyway, I took a bath.

It's 7:23 on the 8th. We're still reaching along on a port tack like yesterday with 10 or 12 knots of wind. Everything is set with a double head rig. I've got the genoa out there now instead of the other downwind runner because it seems like the center of effort is a little lower which makes it easier to control. There's just a little too much wind for the autopilot — or the windvane — to handle.

Under the philosophy of 'don't use it until you really need it,' I decided not to use my running lights until I find out how well this belt is going to hold up on the generator. Since this is in an area where there is shipping, I've put my man overboard strobe on the end of the spinnaker pole. I figure that's about as effective as running lights.

The battery was dead so I wired into the 6 volt converter for my tape deck, which seemed to be quite adequate and draws very little juice.

It's 9:47 on the 8th. The wind picks up each morning with the squalls and then dies off quite early in the afternoon. So it's been very pleasant the last couple of days at sunset, with the boat level and facing the setting sun. I could actually get the kink out of my neck doing breathing exercises. It feels like cruising.

There's quite a bit of Sargasso weed in the water; it looks like a clump of somebody's brown alfalfa sprouts. I hope it doesn't catch on the rudder. I'm also quite impressed at sunset and sunrise, watching the clouds light up the tops of thunderheads, well, I mean cumulo-nimbus clouds, long before the sun reaches anything else.

It's 1:30 on the 9th. Another very nice day with the same conditions.

The last two nights in the middle of the night I've gotten up to check sails and had the distinct impression that someone has come alongside and exchanged headsails and they're putting their's up. There's something very strange going on. The wind, when I wake up, I can't figure out what's happened. I know that there's been a headsail change and that the sail's sheeted differently. It's sheeted as if the wind were coming from the port rather than the starboard side. In my dream it's drawing well so I can't figure out what to do, I can't figure out where the wind is coming from. The dream is so real that I'm sure I'm going to find something like that when I go on deck. Each time I stick my head out, sure enough, the wind is coming out of the normal direction and the sail is drawing properly . . . but it's happened twice now, and it's sort of strange . . .

It's 3:10 on the 9th. I've been watching these winds, and

norton's log

they seem to be settling down into a pattern, so, I guess that means I'm in the trades. About two hours before dawn it picks up and blows a little bit harder, just before dawn it starts dying and stays that way for two or three hours afterwards. Then it backs and blows harder, reaching a peak just before noon, when it again starts to settle down a bit. It remains backed for the afternoon, with a gust at sunset. Then it veers some — I'm not quite sure when, but sometime in the hours after sunset until sometime after midnight when it starts to back a little bit.

I think I can explain most weather but it probably wouldn't be worth it on the tape. At least, I can manufacture an explanation, whether or not it has anything to do with it or not, I don't know. All except for the puffs at sunrise and sunset, which are from the realm of Carlos Castenada — it's the crack between the worlds opening and letting out a puff of hot air, something like that.

I've discovered that my tape recorder is dying. I'm not sure if it's from too much moisture or from too much WD-40 in trying to combat the moisture. Anyway, it looks like it's going to have to come apart.

It's 9:33 in the evening. Instead of being fully charged, the batteries look dead. I guess the solar panels haven't put anything into it. It doesn't look like it has enough to go through the night, so I guess I'll see how my home-made belt works. That is discouraging.

Absolutely amazing, it's 9:30 in the morning on the 10th. The battery lasted all night, the only trouble being that the wind didn't, it's absolutely flat. We're down to 3 and 4 knots — I hope that's just temporary.

I seem to need a different sleep pattern than I've been getting. The last couple of nights I just haven't been able to wake up every hour, I've been sleeping through for 2 or 3 hours at some point through the night. I guess my body needs more than one hour at a stretch. Once I wake up, I'm so wired I can't go to sleep anyway. I'm trying to break up my sleep more so I get some during the day, some during the afternoon, and steer more at night and see what that does.

[Weather report being broadcast over the radio.] Well, now's a fine time to get a radio forecast, now that I'm at about 46 west. I don't know if I would have done anything different, but I would have always been curious to know what's coming.

I feel real terrible again today. I don't know if it's an affliction that only comes on if we're only going less than 5 knots or if it's just the end of a cycle and I am burned out again.

The other problem is I put the belt on and tried the generator. It didn't look like it was working too well, but I left it on anyway while I went on deck to adjust sail trim. Then the pulley came off again and chewed this one up, so we're back to zero — except I don't have any juice in the batteries this time.

I put the autopilot on and turned it way down so it didn't use the last few hours of battery life. Then I went to work on the electrical system. The first job was to try and fix the solar panel, then I decided that one was dead and beyond repair. So, I went to work on the generator and tried a new tack.

Instead of using a belt, I tried to rebuild the generator so it didn't need a belt, by mounting the alternator directly on the shaft of the motor. It's a task that I thought about when I was ashore, but decided it was much too complicated. But I've made a rubber coupling out of a piece of ensolite form and the tip of a silicon seal tube — which may be the weak point of the whole apparatus — and then lashed the two pulleys together. Then I built a metal bracket for the alternator. It's crude, but it just charged the battery for a full hour. I'm quite pleased with that.

I wasn't very hungry tonight, so I tried one of the astrolab foods. It was actually quite good, but they don't feed those astronauts much. There was about three tablespoons worth of turkey — that was it. Anyway, it was good enough to make me think I was hungry.

It's about 4 in the morning on what must be the 10th. I've got the twin running jib rig up with the poles out and the main down; we're doing a little over 4 knots. I probably should have had it up a while ago. It took me two hours to get sail up: I was beam reaching on starboard tack with the typical double head rig, jib and drifter, and quite happy with that. The wind shifted aft so I took it down with the idea that I would reverse it so that I could pole it out. By the time I got it set, it turned out we needed to gybe, so I gybed the main and started to set up on the other tack. I just about got it set up when it was a beam reach on a port tack. I kept looking at the clouds and trying to figure out which way they were going — it didn't seem very conclusive, so I thought maybe it was a permanent windshift and not just a little squall. Then I started to set it up for a beam reach on port tack. By that time, it shifted back to a dead run with a slight starboard favor. So I gybed and finally put it up on starboard tack and poled out a regular jib which is where it stayed until half an hour ago when it switched again. This time the shift was prompted by the fact it looked like we needed to gybe, so instead of gybing I decided to put another sail up on the other side where it belongs.

It's 11:18 on the 11th. It's getting a little discouraging, waking up and adding yet another day to the estimated time of arrival. The wind is dead astern and shifting back and forth, so I'm just running with two jibs. I figure that with the spinnaker it may be a little faster, but if I have to run forward and gybe back and forth, it's just not worth the trouble.

I tried to get the weather again today, but with no luck. I seem to get everything else: news programs, and a BBC program on the services, war services broadcast from Whitehall. I was amazed at my reaction, basically I just sat there and cried.

I think it's the first time I've really felt that completely about what war is all about. Especially for a country like England that was more or less in the midst of it, and suffered a lot more than the States. The scars were still visible when I was there, but somehow the emotional impact just hit me. I think there's also something in the British attitude that makes it easier to comprehend and feel what's going on. Instead of calling it by some name that doesn't have as much impact — something like Armistice Day — they call it Remembrance Day. The quote that I remember is: "while the memory may fade, the pain never does." That brings it back to a more human scale, instead of something to celebrate almost like a victory, it's a time to revive a memory.

It's now 4:28 Greenwich time. So far it's been really grey, the services on the BBC this morning kind of set the tone for the day. I've been aware of being really alone with a long way to go.

The wind has been really light and the going slow. Except for one squall, which was the biggest squall I've seen — it had a leading edge which almost formed into a waterspout. It got about halfway down and there was a little turbulence on the water. A waterdevil or some kind of thing aiming upward . . . they didn't quite join, but it sure rained hard. The thunder with the boat closed up, it must have been about the same frequency as the boat because the reverberation was really amazing, the whole boat was vibrating. I kept telling myself that since it was raining so hard, the lightning couldn't strike the water, because the rain already neutralized the charge. Still, it was too close for comfort.

I'm sort of curious, I've been almost across this whole shipping lane now and haven't seen a single ship. The only two that I've seen were 300 miles outside the lane. So either there is no more traffic between the eastern coast of the U.S. and the Cape of Good Hope or I've just been sleeping through them all.

It's now 4:00 in the morning on the 12th. This tropical disturbance or whatever seems to be peaking out. The winds have definitely abated, but for awhile there it was really blowing and I did one of the hairier foredeck changes of the trip. There was total blackness except for the lightning flashes. I got the small jib and the main up, sat back and drove for a couple of hours doing 8 or 9 knots with occasional 12s. It seemed terribly fast in the dark.

After a good night the wind has gone to shit again. We're slating around, the squalls coming through every few hours provide the only wind there is. The rest of the time it's just slam-bang!

It's 3:00 in the afternoon. The last squall that came through was downright cold. I was hoping it was going to be a harbinger of air mass with real sailing wind — instead of this slating

around for hours then screaming off on a reach for 15 minutes — then slating around for another few hours.

It's 7:30 on the 12th and I'm getting thoroughly fed up with today. These squalls are just wearing me down, and I'm doing these dumb things. For example, I had to charge the battery twice today because I had to fix the charger again and ran it to get the battery up. But then I forgot to turn the ignition switch off — so it all discharged!

These squalls — they come about every hour and they last for about an hour. They are getting to be a real pain, I've gotten the big twin set so it's relatively easy to take down after a squall and run for an hour, then take it down and pump the ballast up and basically get set for the 30 knot squall.

It's 1:45 on the 13th. I saw my third vessel of the trip. I couldn't raise him on the radio, but he did have his radar on so the radar woke me up. That's something.

Things are fairly pleasant and we're moving right along — [Sudden break-in on the radio.] "Vessel on my port side, vessel on my port side, do you read me?" [Tape recorder is suddenly shut off.]

Well, I was wrong. That ship did come back on the radio, and I was able to send off a telegram and report my position and all that. [Norton sounds very refreshed and lively.] I had a very nice chat, it was a British boat, freezer ship carrying bananas from Barbados.

When I gave them the message for Linda, I gave them the 16th as my ETA. And now I'm all concerned that I can't possibly get there on the 16th. But I can possibly get there on the 16th if I just have reasonable days.

The freighter had a couple of interesting points to make. One was just a favorable weather report — that was nice. The discouraging thing was that he never did see me on radar even though we were a mile away. I could pick him up on my radar detector and he could pick up my masthead tricolor, but not with the radar, so I just don't know . . .

It's 5:30 and I just got nailed by a squall. I jumped on deck as the boat was rounding up and rolled up the genoa, thinking that would solve the problem. But the autopilot gybed the boat in trying to correct for having rounded up, with the ballast tank full on the otherside I couldn't gybe back. So I had to drop the main, and the genoa, was furled sideways so that had to come down. Right now it's just a mess up there.

It's 4:00 on the 13th. The only thing that seems to be happening is that the squalls are getting bigger, lasting longer, and coming a little less frequently.

It's started raining again at 5:45 and the squalls are definitely changing character. No longer are they short and wham-bang! Instead, it's just steady drizzle for hours and hours. The

norton's log

one that started at 4 in the morning lasted almost until noon with more or less continuous rain. I don't know how long this will last.

It's getting tiring, because everything is getting wet. The mast-collar boot is starting to leak from the flexing caused by putting the spinnaker pole on when it's all the way forward at the headstay. It pumps the mast back and forth and has chaffed through the collar. I had so much water in the boat this morning from the rain that it filled the bilge and was a couple of inches over the sole — that's a lot of water.

This time when the squall approached it turned out that everything was set for once. All I had to do was stand up in the companionway, roll up the downwind jib, 'sky' the pole to get it out of the way, unroll the working jib, trim the main in; and transfer my body to the windward bunk and keep going.

I came down to put my foul weather gear on, thinking I'd have to go up and probably steer, but the autopilot seems to be handling it; we're doing $7\frac{1}{4}$ and sometimes $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots. I figure it's not worth it to steer for just an extra quarter knot, that I ought to get some sleep. But it's hard to sleep. I think my excitement for the race reaches a peak about three days out. I'm really, really looking forward to getting there and it seems that now I have a reality of getting there.

I started off at Antigua and paced off backwards in 150-mile increments and it came out to three, so it all seems reasonable. I may get there in three days.

It's 10:27 on the 13th. It's still raining, but the wind is still up and we're still charging along at $7\frac{1}{2}$ and 8 knots with the autopilot steering pretty well. Every once in a while it gets caught offguard by a wave, but on the whole its doing a more accurate course than I would steer right now in the total darkness. We get some amazing rides every once in a while. There are fairly large swells and occasionally we catch one right and do 12 knots for what seems like half a minute. Obviously, it's not quite that long, but they do last for a while.

This morning had to be the messiest disaster of the whole trip. I don't think there are enough paper towels in the Lesser Antilles to clean it all up. At about dawn, I was steering and going 8 knots on a beam reach across the face of the waves when one broke right out from underneath me. We sort of fell off the top of the wave sideways. [Norton yawns while describing this] and took a complete knockdown with the mast in the water. The interior of the boat is just a mess, there is water everywhere. The worst part is that there was a pot of lentils being stored up to weather wedged in a bin, just about ready to be eaten. They'd been sprouting for a few days and I'd been trying to find a dry place for them so they didn't get contaminated with salt water. Anyway, they landed all over the ceiling and navigator's station on the other side. Now there are lentils *everywhere*.

Now there is about 8 knots of wind and it's almost a beat. I hope that won't continue. The autopilot is also showing signs of having been wet. It's giving random thrusts to one side or the other. I hope it survives another two days. That's hard to believe: only two more days.

I just took stock of things that were lost in that broach. Turns out that it pretty well cleaned out the cockpit, including the umbrella, the sunscreen, the pump handle, the weight for the Navik, and all kinds of little things. None of them are too critical. They were all down in the bottom of the pockets, so the boat must have been at a good angle.

I think it's finally cleared up, except for the wind being a little light. We're doing 5 knots or less and slatting around in the large swells that are still left. The skies are almost clear with tradewind-looking clouds, and no squalls around. It does not mean there won't be any in an hour, but it looks good now.

The electronic score for the day is the autopilot has died and has been repaired — more or less — at least it's steering again. Also the generator is dying, but I haven't had a chance to look at that. So, anyway, I'm glad it's only two more days because I don't think there's much on the boat that's going to be working.

It's 6:18 on the 14th. Another three hours of darkness. There's been a lot of squalls tonight. Not severe, they are all pretty well behaved, but I went through a whole flotilla of them with lightning all around.

The autopilot died again. It seemed to have frozen up. I butchered it a little more and tried to get oil into it, and it hasn't helped too much. It's steering again, but it's really laboring, and I don't trust it. So I'm on the edge whenever I'm awake to see if it turns back. It's already gybed once putting the pole in the water, which was scary. Fortunately, the pole didn't go in the water as much as I thought it would. As it goes over the bow, it has so much buoyancy that it points up.

After last night I was thinking "I'm ahead of my 150-mile a day DR, but when I actually plotted it out, I was actually a couple of miles behind. So, I must have given myself a head start with my first DR."

What a miserable day! It's now 11:20, so it's been almost 4 hours of steady downpour. There's been no wind; the autopilot is shot completely, so I've been out there trying to keep the boat pointed in the right direction — and not going very far.

It's 7:30 on the 16th and I have land in sight. Just barely. It's in just a little bit of haze, but it came right over the bow. That's encouraging.

It's later than I thought. After such a good run yesterday, I thought I would be in by noon, but as befits this race, last night it went flat calm, and now it's blowing what I expected

all along. Fairly light, 12 knots out of the east. So it's a dead run with the chute up — at least it has been all morning, so it's turning into a nice little reach.

In addition to that frustration, after carefully measuring the error of the log yesterday — as I had gotten two good sights in a row — I found that it was off by 20%. I plugged that calculation in today to figure out where I was this morning, and when my noon sight came up it turned out my log was quite accurate, so I actually had another 20 miles to go. That gave me a run of only 120 miles yesterday, which is about right, but discouraging.

I guess it's due to the voltage drain. Last night I used the running lights for the first time and probably reduced the voltage enough to affect the log — either that, or because I was going very slowly it was reading high. I don't understand it. But anyway, we're here!

According to my sight, we should have 20 miles to go to the harbor. We'll see. It looks like it could easily be 20 miles.

THE FINISH

The closer I got to the island, the slower I was going so it became apparent that I could not finish until after dark. I was actually less worried about finding the harbor at night than

finding a customs officer so I could get off the boat. I didn't really believe the stories of how difficult it was to find the entrance and I felt that I could get in with no problems, especially since I had the island in sight before dark. But the worst fate would be to have to spend the night on the boat waiting for clearance.

I sailed in quite close to the cliffs then dropped my spinnaker as the lights of the harbor came into view, and reached up along the edge of the reef and across the finish line. I fully expected to sail into the quay and call Linda and Nancy on the phone to tell them I had arrived. The first boat I saw hailed me.

"Are you in the Mini-Transat?"

"Yes."

"You are the first!" — he said and rang his bell. The noise carried to the trimaran *Trick* and they started in with their siren. Within minutes, most of the boats in the harbor had their horns out, and I was being towed towards the dock with a rum punch in my hand.

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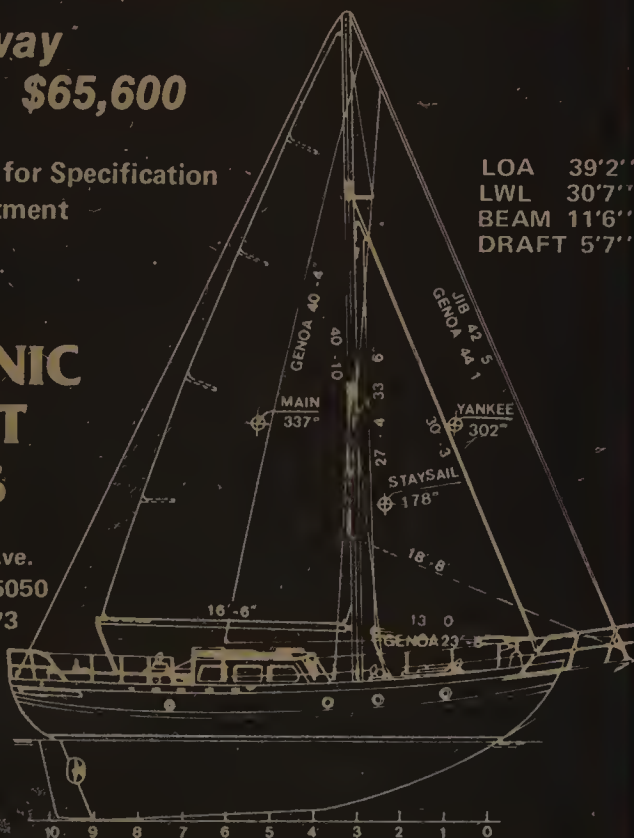
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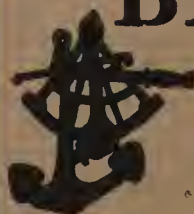
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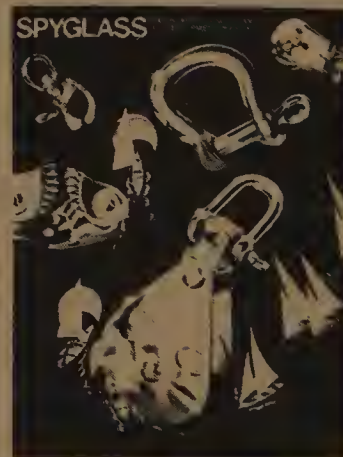
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TRADE INQUIRIES INVITED.

Have you ever met a couple about to go on a long cruise who claimed to have everything they could possibly want for their boat? Neither have we. But over at the Corinthian YC we met Bruce and Sandy Graham who claimed to have everything they needed — except a new yacht club burgee. We figured that made them close enough to being unique to warrant a story.

Bruce and Sandy haven't done that much ocean sailing together, but they've got a big plan for the next two months. That plan is to move their boat, *Star of Corinth*, and their entire lives to the Virgin Islands. Not only would it put more sunshine in their days, but for Bruce, who flies DC-10s from New York to Puerto Rico, it's closer to work. In order to deliver their boat to the Virgins, Bruce and Sandy had to cajole their common employer, American Airlines, to give them two year's vacation time, 60 days, all at once.

Figuring they can average 125 miles a day, they hope to be able to make the Virgins with just four stops; San Diego, Cabo San Lucas, Acapulco, and Balboa in the Canal Zone. Bruce is aware that this sounds like a rather presumptuous trip for a relatively inexperienced ocean sailing crew of two, but he is undaunted. "I've never been to any of these places we're going, but we're flexible . . . maybe we'll get to San Diego and say, 'well, that's enough of this shit.'"

While Bruce recognizes that you can't predict how individuals will respond to extended time at sea, he spent countless hours selecting what he decided was the best gear for their comfort,



Bruce & Sandy two hours before castoff

safety, and pleasure. He is certain that this careful preparation was well worth it, and that the trip will not fail for a lack of planning or lack of gear. "I assure you one thing," he said twice, "the equipment is top-notch, and if we don't complete the trip, it won't be because of the boat or the gear."

Bruce is intimate with both. He finished off the boat himself, and installed much of the gear. *Star of Corinth* is a Freya kit that consisted of a hull and deck with the engine and major bulkheads in place. Beyond that (and 'beyond that' is where the majority of the work is in building a boat) it's a Bruce Graham custom, right down to the 4-inch thick redwood burl saloon table. Some folks have found the interior a little 'busy' or 'close', but it's exactly what they wanted, and they're happy with it.

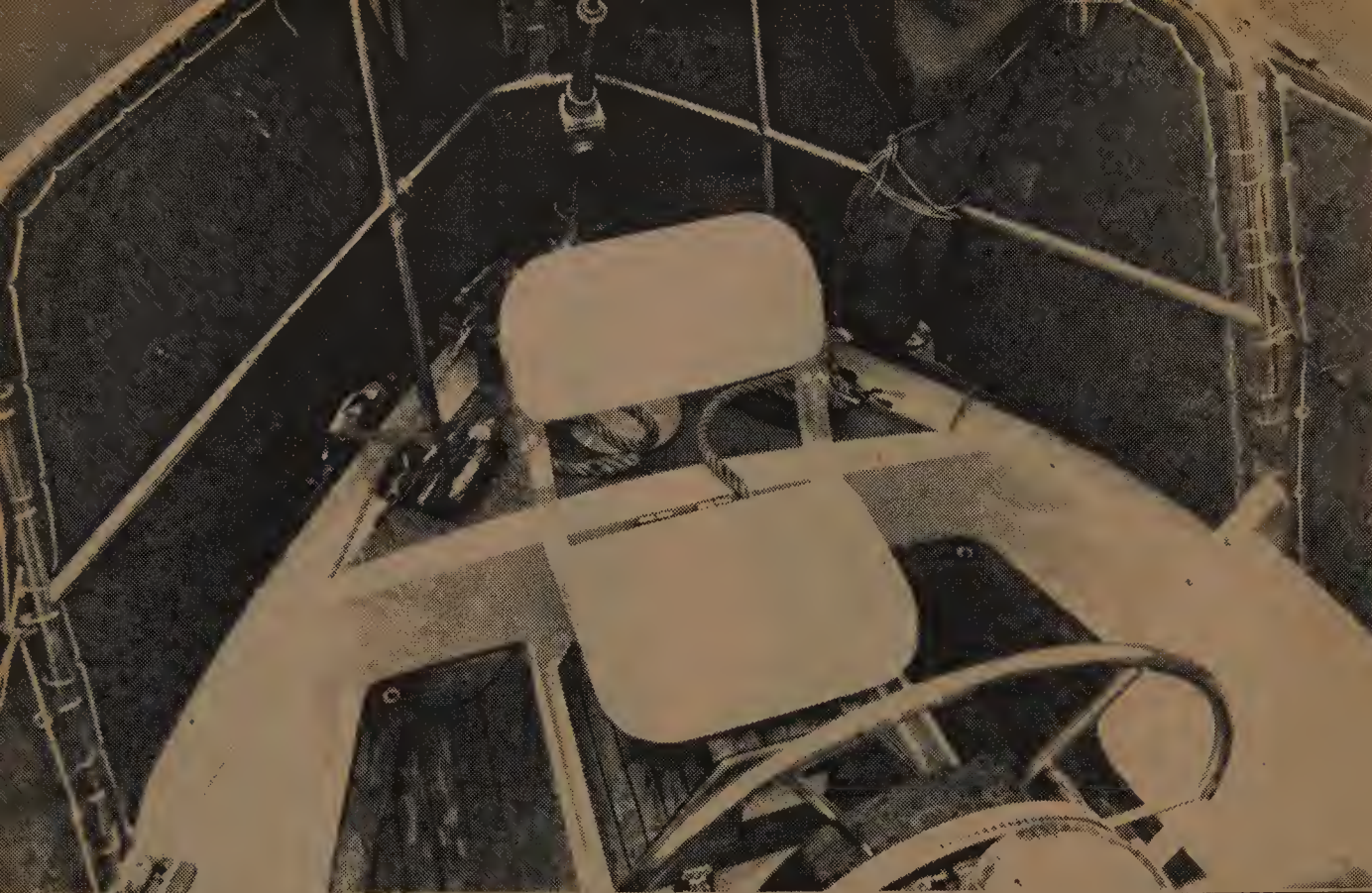
Frankly, we were surprised with his superb craftsmanship. Previously we had usually thought of kit boats as unrealistic dreams, but no more. After seeing several kit boat completions in recent months, we have decided that

for the right person they represent a reasonable alternative. For those with half-completed boats, *Star of Corinth* will be an inspiration to keep plugging away.

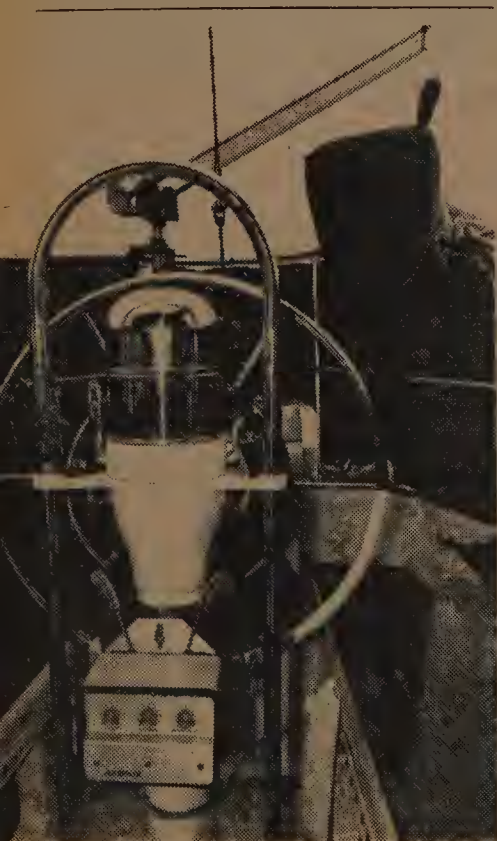
The gelcoat of the Graham's boat was sprayed on December 22, of 1977; the boat was launched on April 10 of 1978; and was sailed for the first time on May 8th of that year. Bruce knows these dates by heart, and so will you if you ever put so much of your soul into a boat. On January 17 of this year, at 3:00 in the afternoon, Bruce and Sandy sailed *Star of Corinth* out of Gate with the afternoon ebb — exactly as planned.

The photos on the following pages represent what we thought were the most interesting and noteworthy features on the *Star of Corinth*. Noteworthy because we thought they were either innovative, clever, amusing, or foolish. Obviously we're not going to tell you which we think is which — that's for you to decide.

— latitude 38



Since you spend most of the time at sea in the cockpit, the Grahams have taken special care to make sure that it's comfortable. The weather cloths for example; in cold areas they protect your body from the chill of the wind, in the tropics, they provide some shade. The helmsman's seat is a Barient winch chair. A manual backstay adjuster is used to keep the headstay from sagging off in heavier winds.



Both a windvane and an autopilot have been installed; they are two items most cruisers wish they had. The autopilot is by Orinda Systems, the windvane is a Pathfinder. A unique feature of the vane is that it's made with plumbing parts, and therefore replacements are easy to find almost anywhere. The bulky item on the portside is an Evinrude 2 H.P. outboard for the hard dinghy.



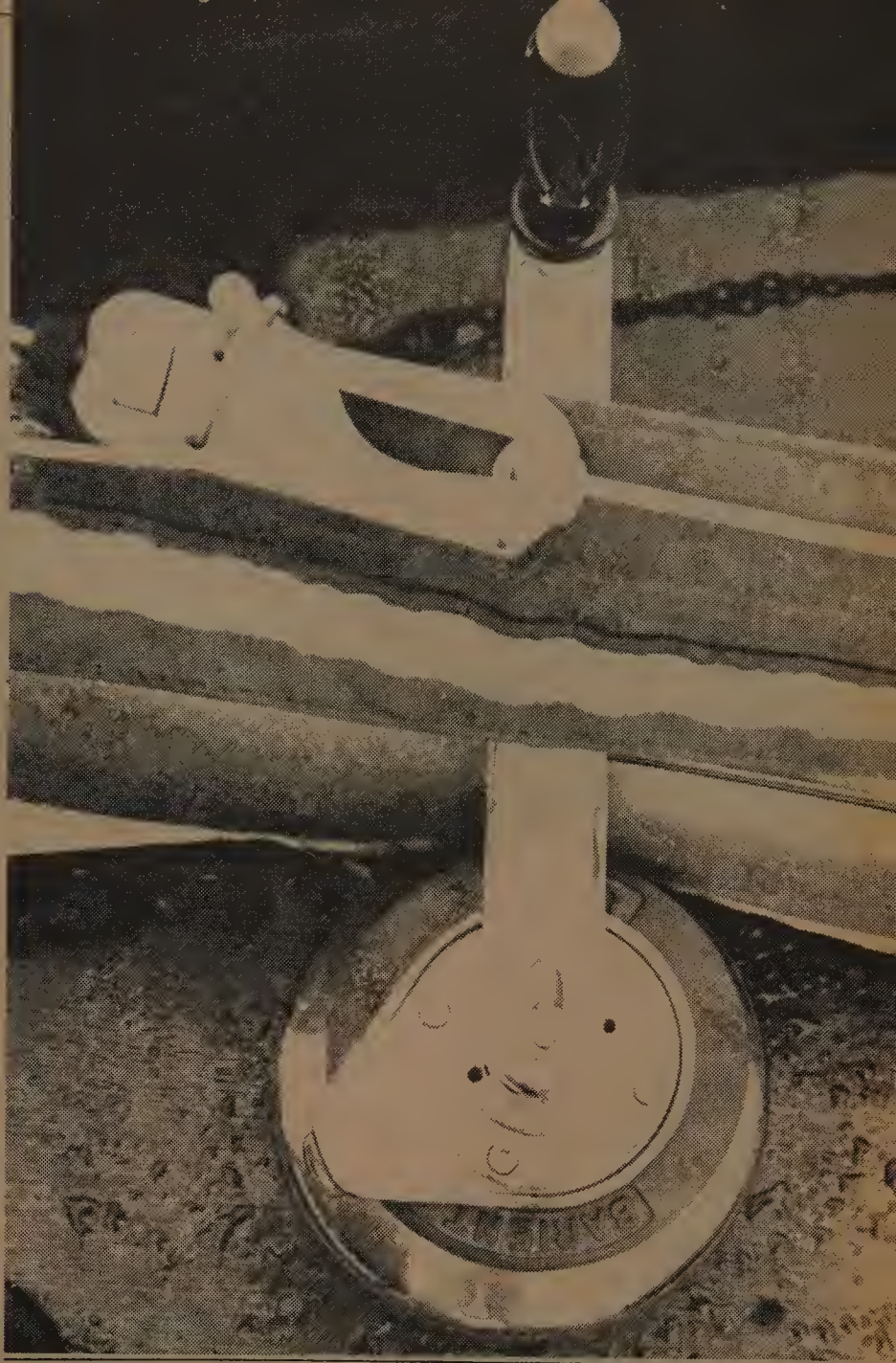
After their shakedown cruise to Monterey, Bruce and Sandy decided that their dodger was their most appreciated piece of equipment. (Followed by the windvane, and French-made preventer.) The dodger has several excellent features; it folds down flat, the front 'windows' open to let cool breezes through, and there are handholds on top to steady yourself while walking past.



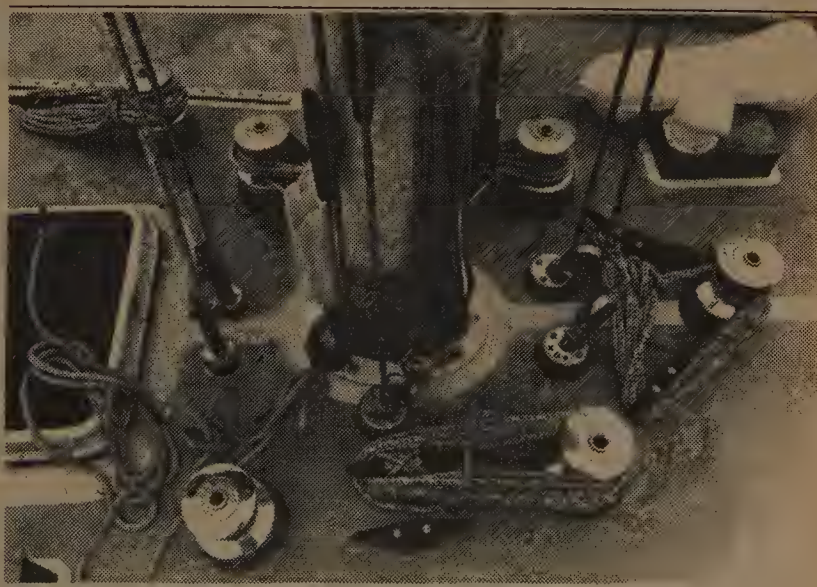
Directly beneath the helmsman's seat is the storage area for various lines and sheets. Storing wet lines out of the main part of the boat keeps moisture out. Also in this handy compartment is a Danforth anchor with rode attached — ready for instant use.



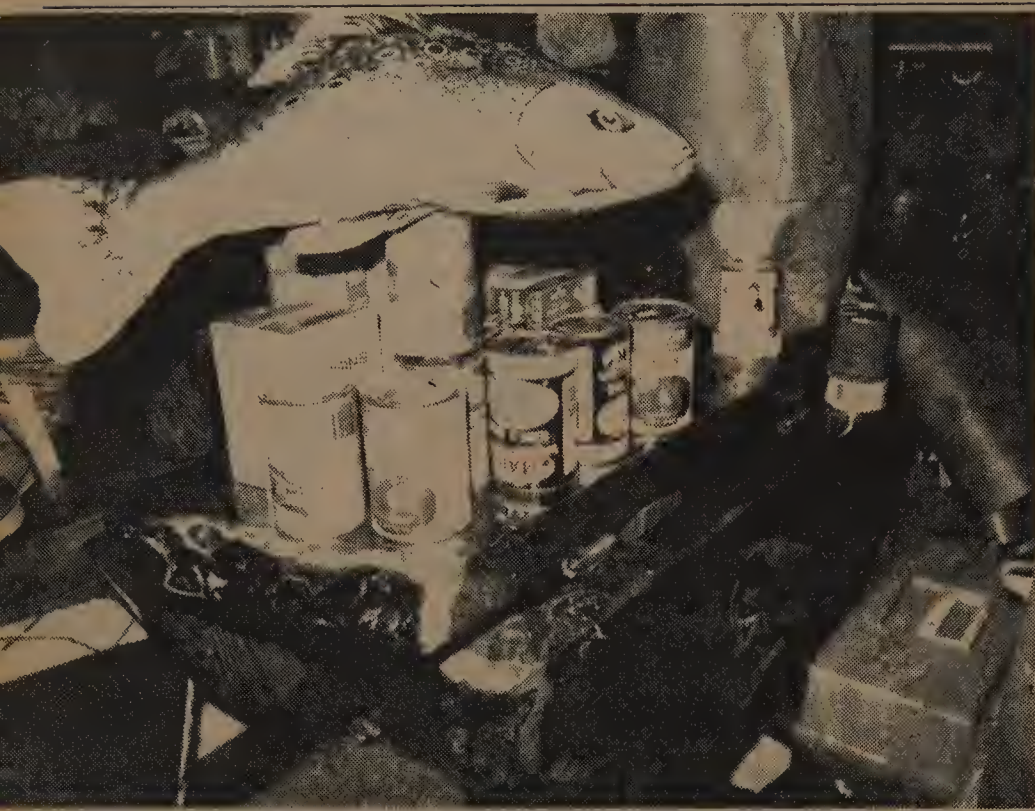
Star of Corinth's primaries are self-tailing 28's. Slots in the weather cloths allow for full-circle grinding.



Although none of the halyard winches are lead back to the cockpit, all are mounted on deck. Rather than wire and rope spliced halyards, prestretched dacron was used. Self-tailing halyard winches may have been nice. Bruce mounted the main halyard winch at the base of the mast, rather than in the cockpit, reasoning that you always end up going forward when you reef the main. A lot of sailors would disagree with him.



WELL-FOUND



If you build your own boat, you can do whatever the hell you want to it. Bruce wanted a saloon table out of redwood burl, and while it's hard to distinguish in this photo, it's really there.

Bruce is high on Continental Kitchen's "canned dinners in a pouch." They require no refrigeration yet are not dehydrated; they have no preservatives but are good for two years; and they store very easily.

To prepare Veal Scalopini, Beef Stroganoff, Pepper Steak, or a number of other dishes, you simply drop the pouch in boiling water for 5 minutes. An 8 oz. serving costs only \$2.00. The Grahams were taking 150 of them, so they must taste pretty good. If you'd like to try some of these, it's helpful to have an aunt in Dayton where they are being test-marketed.

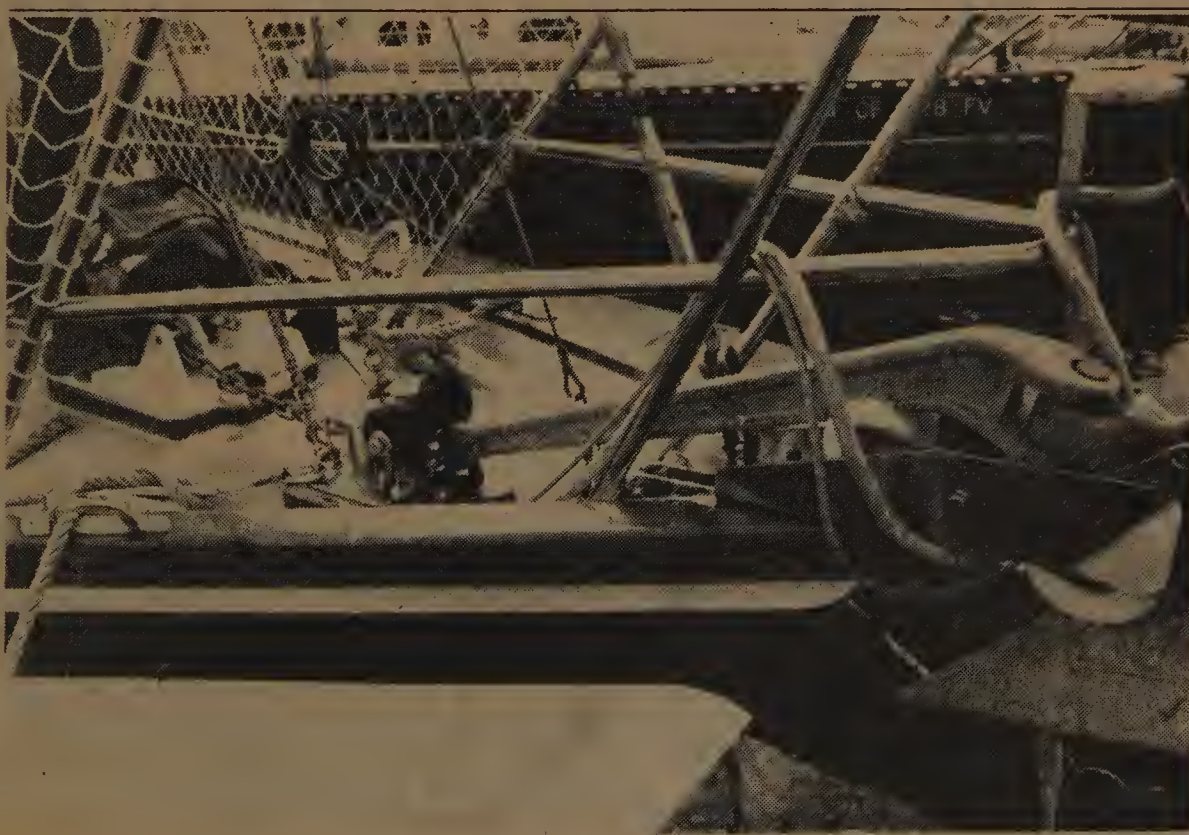
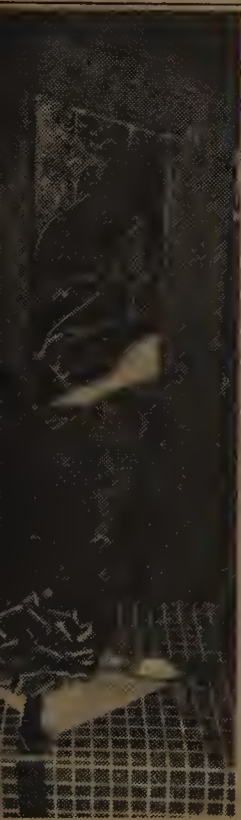
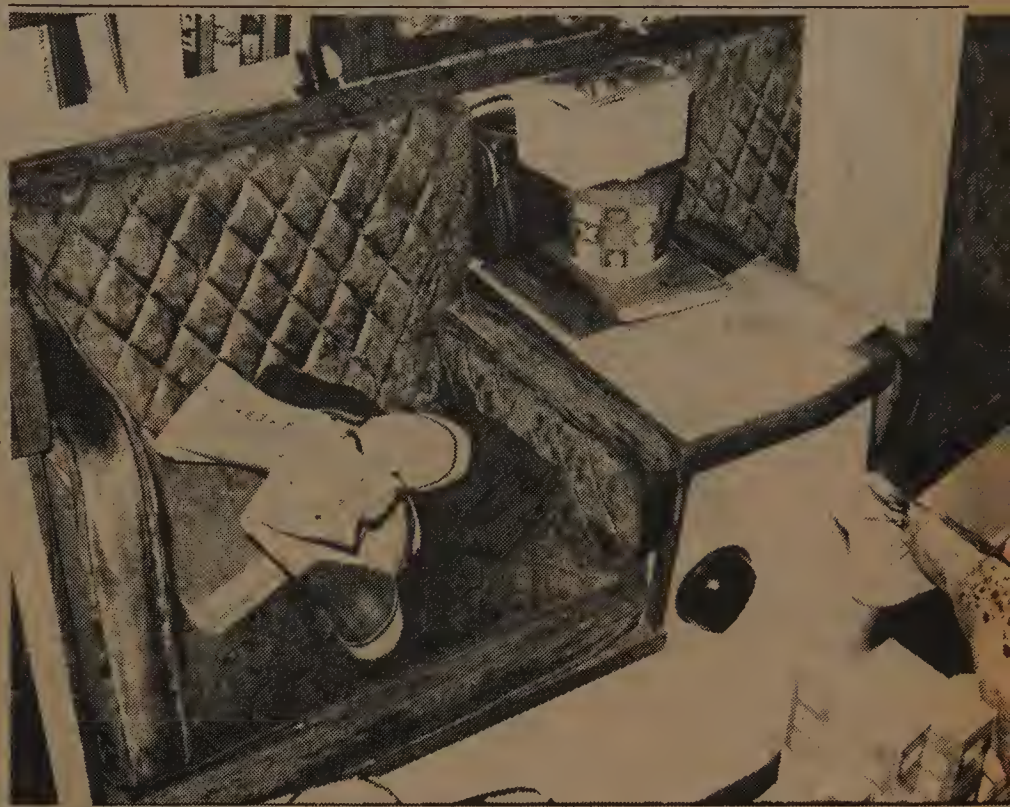


The head looks huge. That's partly because it is, and partly because of the large mirror on the aft bulkhead. The head is equipped with a Raritan MSD, hot and cold running water, and a shower.

A stained glass window adds a nice personal touch to the boat's interior. There are a number of them on the boat, including one in the head.

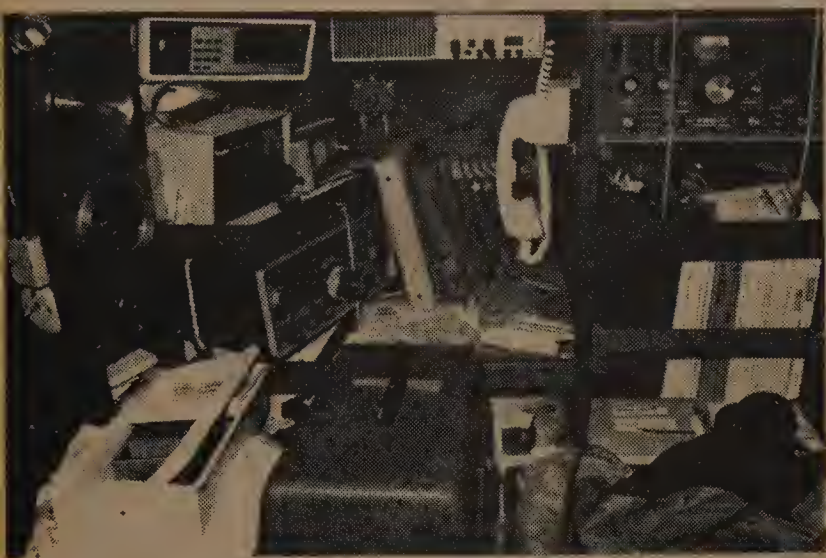


Instead of having a normal settee on the starboard side of the main salon, two-form fitting seats were installed. The black circular object between the two seats is the vent for a powerful Espar forced-air diesel heater. Opposite the two seats are shelves with a special cove for a color T.V. The Grahams hoped to watch the Super Bowl game while sailing past Los Angeles.



The primary anchor is a 45-lb. CQR that lives in a Vetus bow roller. The windlass is a Keefe. On the way to the windlass the chain runs beneath a rubber wheel that keeps it from jumping around. The boat is equipped with 300 feet of 5/16's chain. There are two 150-ft. lengths of 5/8's nylon anchor line and one 300-ft. length.

WELL-FOUND



If "Star of Corinth's" electrical panel looks like a jet plane's, that's because Bruce flies DC-10s. What are all these switches for? We'll list them for your edification:

Alerts for; Engine temperature, bilge water, oil temperature, LPG control, and fire in engine room.

AC switches for the battery charger, the auxiliary 110V source, the wall outlets, water heater, refrigeration, and a spare.

There's an accessory control panel for; the TV, the radio, DC refrigeration, the sanitation system, the alarm system, and the cabin heater.

There's another accessory panel for; the VHF, the SSB, the Loran, the depth sounder, the sonar — yes, sonar! — and autopilot.

Then there's another control panel for; the water pressure, the aft bilge pump, the forward bilge pump, the refrigerator blower, another LPG switch, and the windlass.

There's yet another accessory control panel for; running lights, mast light, strobe light, anchor light, wind instruments, and other instruments. The switch for the ham radio is not listed.

There's also the master power



control panel; cabin lights foward, cabin lights aft, compass light, spreader lights, and a foredeck light.

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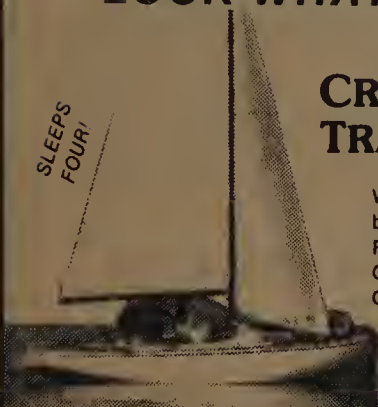
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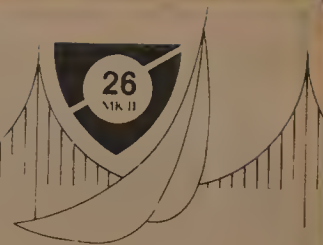
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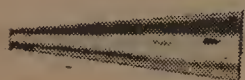
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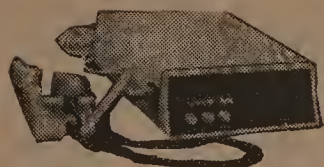
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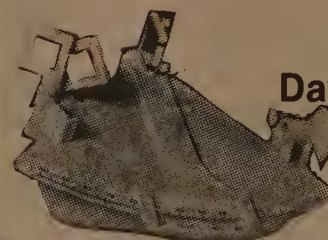


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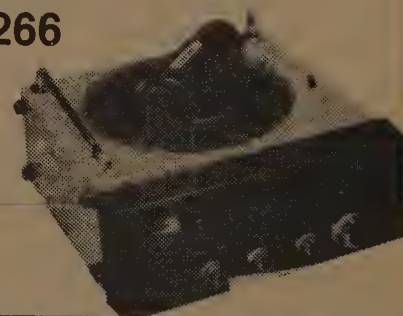
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ABOVE & BEYOND

The first cargo schooner built in 40 years, the *John F. Leavitt*, was lost in the Atlantic on her Boston to Haiti maiden voyage when her crew, for reasons not yet revealed, abandoned ship. Many feared that this disaster would be a severe setback to the revival of cargo-carrying sailing ships. This hasn't been the case, although it may serve as a deterrent for those who adhere to the dubious notion that reproducing antique sailing vessels can provide competition for conventionally-powered shipping. Businessmen with a practical eye toward the economics of delivering cargo under sail were skeptical about the *Leavitt* from the very

beginning.

The *Leavitt* was a real beauty, to be sure. She was built of oak and recycled 100 year-old pine by 36 year-old Ned Ackerman to closely resemble the graceful 19th century coastal schooners. With her quaint gaff rig and cotton sails, her high, flat transom and long bowsprit, she'd probably draw throngs of tourists if she were tied up at Fisherman's Wharf.

The 97'3" *Leavitt* had a beam of 23'4" and displaced 247,000 pounds. Her prow sported a hand-carved figurehead of a fox clutching a yellow feather in its mouth. ("Crazy like a fox",

one journalist speculated at the symbolism.) Her varnished douglas fir spars rose majestically 80-feet from her planked deck. A real museum piece.

According to people knowledgeable in such matters, it was unlikely she could have fulfilled Ackerman's dreams of being a competitive cargo vessel. Hugh Lawrence, a Sausalito attorney whose own cargo sailing ship is scheduled to begin service this year, had this to say:

"Economically the thing was not going to work except for some unusual cargos which had some publicity element in them. The *Leavitt's* existence was detrimental to any rational concept of commercial sail because there was a tendency for the uninformed to look at it and say 'that's the form of the new sailing cargo ship and isn't it nice, it's wood and it looks just like it did 75 years ago.'"

Lawrence sites other problems, "The *Leavitt* was designed to avoid every bit of external regulation. The Coast Guard has jurisdiction if your ship is 100 feet or 100 tons. Ackerman admittedly designed the boat to evade that regulation. He did not have an international load line, it was a wooden boat, and it had no power in it — the margins of safety were cut down incredibly."

I asked him if he knew why the *Leavitt* failed.

"I heard that he was taking water through his hatch because his tarps had come off his hatchcovers."

"Did you hear or read it?" I inquired.

"Somebody told me. Not a source to publish, but to me one that's very reliable."

Lawrence explained about the hatches. "The load line convention specifies what the structure of the hatches has to be. You must have a clamp and steel cable across every tier of the hatch covers, secured to the ship with turnbuckles. I've seen a lot of pictures of the *Leavitt* and I haven't seen anything remotely resembling that type of gear."

While Lawrence has no direct experience with the *Leavitt*, he has followed her. "I don't know anything

The "John F. Leavitt" on launching day — courtesy of Wooden Boat



about the *Leavitt* except what people have told me and what I've read in the newspapers. A lot of my information is third hand, but Ackerman is certainly on record as having gone to great lengths to avoid external regulation of the ship."

An article in *Wooden Boat* magazine substantiates what Lawrence says. The article quotes Ackerman as admitting, "I wanted to stay as economically viable as possible which meant that there were a lot of Coast Guard regulations I had to avoid because they were economically prohibitive . . . I pushed the 100 ton limit pretty hard, (she's 98.2) . . . and she just dodges the length for load line." (The load line convention specifies a depth to which the ship can be safely immersed when loaded).

Ackerman also evaded the Safety of Life at Sea (SOLAS) convention which specifies such requirements as the watertight capacity of bulkheads, the height of safety railings, and the manner in which hatch covers must be secured. And by not having an engine, he escaped the requirement that a licensed engineer be aboard.

The words 'dodge', 'evade', and 'avoid' crop up often in conversations about the *Leavitt*.

A reporter with a nautical background was aboard during the delivery of the *Leavitt* from Thomaston, Maine to Quincy, Massachusetts where final installations and adjustments were to be made before her maiden cargo carrying voyage. On that 135-mile cruise a northeaster whipped up 12-ft seas and 30 mph winds. The journalist says, "The *Leavitt* was without either a 2-way radio or Loran, both were to be installed at Quincy. Even the compass had not been trued. The possibility of falling or being washed overboard was a real danger because the *Leavitt's* railings are less than three feet high in the stern and there are none whatsoever in the vessel's midsection. With wet, slippery decks and seas running high, there was a considerable risk entailed in just passing from one end of the schooner to the other."



The Dynaship concept is a far cry from the "*Leavitt*," and the folks in Palo Alto want to be sure everyone understands that.

The *Leavitt* went hard aground on that voyage, so they rigged a line from the jib boom to the push boat to try and haul her off. But when the push boat throttled up, it snapped off the boom like a matchstick and the *Leavitt* had a five-hour wait until high tide before she could get free. Afterwards two of the seaman reportedly offered the opinion that Ackerman had made serious errors in judgement by sailing under too primitive conditions in general; specifically his failure to have a radio

transmitter aboard.

Ned Ackerman, the man behind the *Leavitt*, is himself the subject of much criticism. A medieval scholar and English teacher, he became obsessed with building a traditional schooner after reading John F. Leavitt's book, *Wake of the Coasters*. In connection with the schooner, Ackerman has been described in terms ranging from "eccentric" to "a real asshole".

Peter Spectre, publisher of *The*

ABOVE & BEYOND



Spencer Lincoln did this line drawing of the "Leavitt" for Wooden Boat

Mariner's Catalog, is a Maine resident who had close contact with Ackerman and the building of the *John F. Leavitt*. He says of Ackerman, "He's a braggart, he's a son-of-a-bitch, he's just an unpleasant person. A lot of that is responsible for his undoing. He doesn't know his stuff at all, his experience sailing is minimal and his experience with schooners hardly exists. He wasn't required to be licensed, but if he were he probably wouldn't be able to get one because he doesn't have enough sea experience."

"But he's not stupid," Spectre adds, "you have to hand it to the guy. He built that schooner which was a major undertaking, and he managed to get some very experienced people to help him do it."

With the apparent failure of the *Leavitt*, is there a future for cargo-carrying sailing ships in this energy troubled era? There most assuredly is,

but probably not in the outmoded 19th century tradition of wooden vessels and gaff rigged sails.

Hugh Lawrence describes his 168-ft. steel-hulled cargo-carrying schooner *Patrica A* as "an absolutely different animal from the *Leavitt*."

Originally the *Patricia A* was a three-masted gaff-rigger, carrying cargo under sail from 1932 until the 1950's when she was converted to diesel. Lawrence bought her in 1977 and refitted her completely, installing tube steel masts and modern, marconi-rigged dacron sails. The hull was refurbished and she was brought up to the high standards required as though she were a new ship being built today.

"She'll have every inspection certificate that you can get," Lawrence emphasized. "We conform to the international convention on load lines, we have a classification certificate, a certificate for the Safety of Life at Sea convention, and a merchant ship safety cer-

tificate."

Lawrence has a realistic attitude, "It's that kind of stuff that takes this ship out of the nice, groovy, ratlin's and dead-eyes and lanyards and gaff-rig, and that kind of yo-ho-ho."

The *Patricia A* is destined for 1200-mile scheduled runs from Miami to the Carribean island of St. Kitts, carrying partially containerized general cargo, six passengers, and eight licensed crewmembers.

In Palo Alto, William Warner is president of Dynaship, which bought the German patent rights for large sail systems that go on bulk carriers, 400 to 700 feet and 10,000 to 35,000 tons. They sell the technology, not the ships, having developed, engineered, and obtained permits for their highly sophisticated state-of-the-art designs.

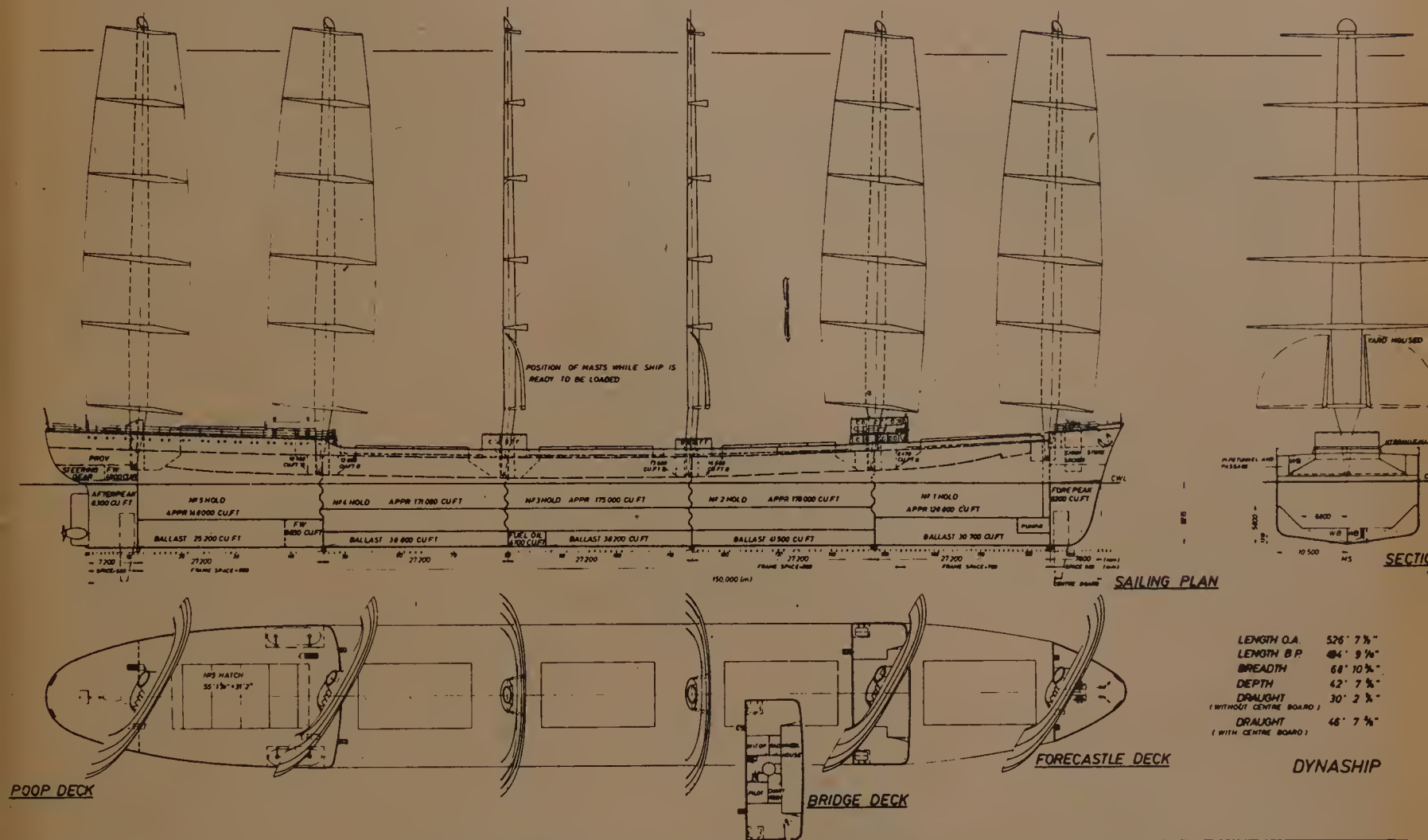
"Our mission is to find shippers who have cargo and we will design a ship to do that work," Warner explains.

Of the *John F. Leavitt*, he said, "Historically it was correct and represented a nice bit of nostalgia, I



PHOTO BY SUE ROWLEY

THE LOST LEAVITT



The sails on Dynaship cleverly furl inside of the mast. Notice the 16-ft. centerboards near the bow and stern

Hugh Lawrence's cargo ship is due to go into service this year

guess, but technically it did not represent the state-of-the-art. Modern metallurgy, modern sailcloth, modern communications, and compact auxiliary plants and so forth make a modern sailing ship totally different from the *Leavitt*." Dynaships' model is a futuristic-looking hybrid freighter, featuring 6 rotating masts with semi-rigid sails.

Nevertheless Warner does not feel that the failure of the *Leavitt* was detrimental to the industry. "The fact that a replica of a bygone era went down hasn't tainted the minds of knowledgeable people the *Leavitt* and Ned Ackerman did a great service by focusing public attention on the potential for commercial sail."

Development of modern wind-assisted cargo-carriers continues not only in the bay area, but around the country and around the world. Wind Ship Development Corporation in Massachusetts has received a \$139,000

grant from the U.S. Maritime Administration to study the feasibility of sail-powered ships in light of rising oil prices. In Japan research on super-tankers with auxiliary sail power resulted in successful sea trials of an 83-ton, 1/15th scale model which reportedly cut fuel use by 10 percent. Since cargo ships burn 1.5 billion barrels of fuel yearly, a 10 percent worldwide saving would be substantial. In Britain, according to *Business Week* magazine, "some of the most exotic ideas include ships driven by horizontal windmills and pulled by mammoth kites."

From the practical to the seemingly ridiculous, it appears that a new generation of commercial sailing ships is on the horizon. The sailing ship of the future will most likely utilize computer technology, space-age materials and satellite communications — and will be a far cry from the sublime but outmoded *John F. Leavitt*.

— sue rowley

SORC 1980



"You can't lose sight that the object of the whole program is to have fun. If you're not having fun there's no sense in having come down here, because it is too expensive and too time consuming."

That's Steve Taft talking after the first race of the SORC; he's not being philosophical he really believes what he is saying. The reason the subject arises is because the boat he is crewing on,

Pegasus, is not doing as well as originally expected. And, there is serious concern that the boat in her current state, doesn't measure up to the top boats in the fleet.

Pegasus you will remember from last month, is one of two new bay area boats that have been put together specifically to win the SORC. She is Dave Fenix's Holland-designed, Kiwi-built 46-footer. The other local entry is Bill Clute's Peterson-designed, cold-

molded, fractional rigged, two tonner, *High Noon*, built by Geraghty

For both Clute and Fenix there have been numerous opportunities to forget that they are having fun. After spending countless hours and countless dollars in pursuit of the SORC title at one time, both have contemplated dropping out of the circuit.

Although all the accompanying photos are of *High Noon's* so-called sea trials in San Diego, we'll consider the

perils of Pegasus first.

Dave Fenix isn't an experienced ocean racer, but you can tell he's a talented manager by the campaign he's assembled. His boat is the latest from one of the top two designers in the world. It was built by what may be the most advanced builder of sophisticated ocean racing hulls. To top it off he assembled a truly magnificent crew to make her go. It sounds like the perfect set up; and where, you've got to wonder, could he have possibly gone wrong?

It's the builder, Kiwi Yachts. They, ironically enough, did too good a job of building the boat.

In Ireland Ron Holland drew the lines for the boat, figuring it would displace 'X' pounds, and therefore float at a certain level. He had to guess a bit at calculating the weight of just the hull because Kiwi yachts does not build hulls to scantlings. Instead, they figure the loads on each part of the hull, and then build it just strong enough to keep from breaking. They've gotten so damn good at hulls with their uni-directional fiberglass cloth woven with carbon fiber, that they are coming out lighter than Holland ever dreamed possible.

The great difference in the expected versus actual weight of hull has thrown the planned displacement way off. Consequently *Pegasus* and another Holland-designed, Kiwi-built boat, *Intuition*, floated way above their lines. The only solution was to put lead — lots and lots of it — in the bottom of the boat. That makes the boat very stiff, which isn't bad except under the IOR rule where you get heavily penalized for it.

That basic problem is compounded by the fact the boat is still being sorted out by its crew and, and that this year's SORC boats, and Class B in particular, are spectacularly competitive. Taft has done seven circuits and he's never seen anything like it. Of the eleven boats in Class B, he figures 10 of them are easily capable of winning the class or fleet in any given race. A good indication of



"High Noon's" triple-spreader-plus-jumper rises over 60-ft. above deck. It broke two days before the first race of the S.O.R.C.

Pat Vincent and Heather Clute working out on the Barient 32 3-speed.



SORC 1980

how tough things are in Class B is that *Aries*, the U.S. Admiral's Cup boat, finished 10th out of 11 boats in the first race.

For awhile there was some discussion that *Pegasus* should drop out of the SORC as a whole, and just sail the individual races. It was decided that this just wasn't the way you do things, and that they'll do the best they can and take their licks while deciding what changes will have to be made prior to the Onion Patch Series and the Sardinia Cup.

Steve and most of the crew feel that as she now stands, *Pegasus*' chances of winning the circuit or even her class are remote. What chances they do have lie with her incredibly talented crew. Eight of the eleven have already sailed on SORC winners, some on as many as five. Taft says they are all concerned about the boat, but they all realize that it is a series, and that if you keep plugging away, you'll end up surprising people.

Taft's positive attitude is fantastic. Listening to him over the phone convinces you that their future is bright — even after finishing a disappointing 5th in class and 24th in fleet for the first race. "We sailed real hard in that first race, we put forth a fine effort but just fell short. That means we're going to have to work harder in the next race

Tom Blackaller (center) and Jimmy Pugh (right) fought all day long the time we were on the boat.

They fought about sails, they fought about tillers, tiller extensions, mainsheet travellers, the weather, the clothes each other wore — you name it, they 'discussed' it.

Blackaller is the man from the sail loft, Pugh is the man from the design office.



Gordon Clute tends the spinnaker sheet. He didn't fight with anyone.



was down below trying to set up the Loran using the coordinates given on a yacht club cocktail napkin. Jimmy Pugh and Donny Anderson were drifting hither and yon. On the boat Bill, Heather and Gordon Clute were no doubt trying to keep their cool, which they were remarkably successful at.

Everyone was waiting for the builder, Geraghty, to come up with a tiller so that they could sail those parts of the boat that were finished. It was frustrating waiting and it was easy to start getting pissed off at one another. Geraghty was a big target for crew grievances; Donny Anderson who appeared both nonchalant and smug about his responsibilities was another. There was speculation someone would punch him out before he reached Florida.

When the 20 people finally climbed aboard and went sailing, it was Blackaller who became somewhat difficult. Normally gracious and kind, in his capacity as a sailor, particularly in a crowd, he is capable of assuming an imperial countenance. While his lady friend "J. J." was enamored with this image, the rest of the crew was not. Recognizing that his considerable talents and experience in the SORC are worth several miles a race, most were willing to indulge him. That however, did not stop them from incessantly belittling him and his friend "J. J.", whose habit of constantly showering Tom with praise drove everyone crazy. Whether the abuse bothered Tom or whether he enjoyed it is something we never quite figured out.

After what amounted to half a day's worth of sailing, the boat was hauled for completion and to be sent to Florida. A discouraged crew returned to the bay area. That included Clute who, for one day, abandoned all plans for the SORC in favor of the Manzanillo Race and the Clipper Series in Hawaii.

But Clute's patience has paid off. An enthusiastic Pat Vincent (seemingly the only one) was put on full time to help prepare the boat. Despite expectations to the contrary, when the crew got to Florida the boat was pretty much ready.

and do better."

We asked Steve if the rest of the crew shared his attitude. "This boat is full of winners," he said, "we all want to have fun and we all want to do a good job, so nobody is down on anybody's case."

That's a big difference from the crew on Clute's *High Noon*, where a month before the circuit started everybody was already on everybody's case. Fortunately Clute is amused by that kind of atmosphere and thinks he can direct the negative energy in a positive direction.

We accompanied the *High Noon* entourage to San Diego after Christmas for what was called sea trials. Bill would later describe it as being a "fiasco"

although there's another adjective that starts with 'F' that is far more accurate.

The big problem was the boat, which simply wasn't built yet. Originally two weeks of practice in San Diego had been slated for the middle of December with another week in Florida the week before the SORC. Those three weeks of planned practice were to dwindle to a mere three days.

Clute had spent a lot of money getting everyone together in San Diego for the trials, so where were they on that wonderful, warm, sailing afternoon? Boome, Gannon and Vincent were in the yacht club bar watching the Oilers stun the Chargers. Blackaller was sunning himself on the veranda with his stunning lady companion, "J. J." Norheim

SORC 1980

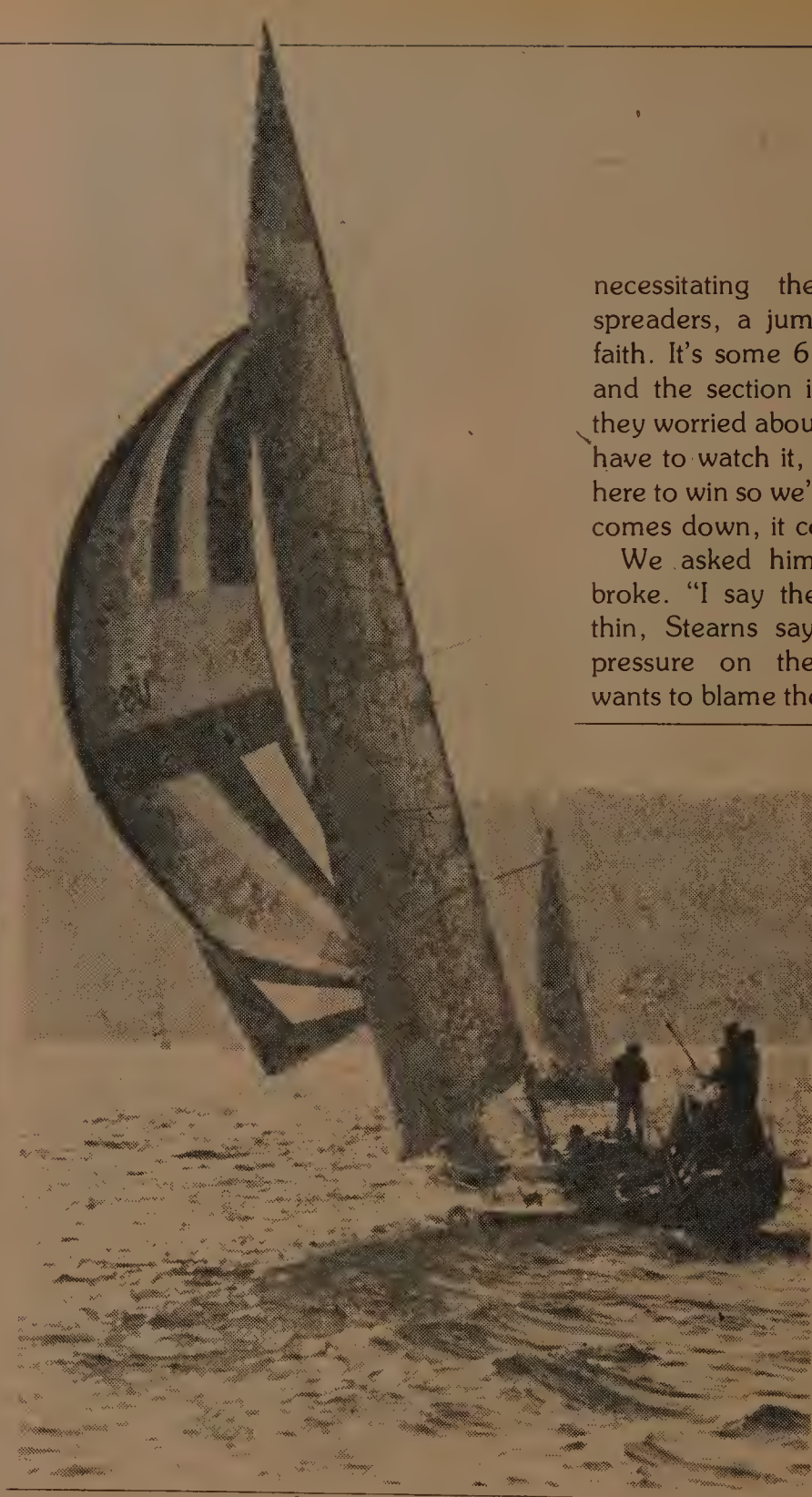
Tuesday, the week of the first race, Clute announced his plan. "We'll tune up until Thursday, and then on Friday while everyone else is running around in chaos, we'll sit on the boat, do a little varnishing, a little touch up, and take it easy and relax."

"Christ!" he says, "that afternoon we lost the mast." It cracked near the first spreader, leaving a gaping hole. A man from Stearns was flown out from the coast and after 40 hours of welding, it is hoped that it will hold up.

The mast on *High Noon* is heroic,

necessitating the support of three spreaders, a jumper stay, and lots of faith. It's some 61 feet off of the deck and the section is incredibly thin. Are they worried about it? Clute says, "We'll have to watch it, but we decided we're here to win so we're going to push it. If it comes down, it comes down."

We asked him if he knew why it broke. "I say the mast section is too thin, Stearns says we put too much pressure on the runners; everyone wants to blame the other guy. I, ho, ho,



Tom and his earnest admirer, "J.J."



A glum group heads for the dock. Heather can't be overjoyed; Pat Vincent is frustrated to no end; Kim Livingston has to go home and write his article for the Chronicle; the insurance man is freaked because the night before Peterson predicted the mast would fall; Stan Reisch wishes everyone were on his boat; and down below the real crew of "High Noon" is arguing.



ho, told everyone it was the fault of the winch manufacturer, ho, ho, ho."

Clute's sense of humor has seen him through what appeared insurmountable problems. The boat is together, and apparently after a few fistfights in the cockpit, so is the crew.

In the high winds, thunderstorms, and calms of the first race, *High Noon* took third in her class and thirteenth in the fleet. At first Clute was disappointed, but an analysis of the leaders puts him in pretty good shape. The first two spots in the fleet went to *Kialoa* and *Mistress Quickly*, two maxis who aren't expected to finish at the top when the Series is over. Six of the next eight spots are taken by one-tonners, (including Hood's *Robon*, which is third) who also are expected to fall by the wayside as the series progresses. So there are actually only a couple of boats that are expected to stay high that are now ahead



Old hands from "Chiquita" days, Chris Boome and Jim Gannon.

of *High Noon*. All of the very strong Class B boats finished after *High Noon*, due to the weirdities in the first race weather. In addition, *High Noon's* best races, those with reaching and running, are still ahead.

So if they can just keep the mast in and prevent cockpit homicides, they may finish in good shape. We hope to be in Nassau next month when it's all over, to check if they're bringing home trophies or cadavers.

Who's hot this year in the SORC? It's still early, but both Taft and Clute liked a couple of 45-foot Frers designs, *Tatoosh* and *Merryweather*. Both also said that Ted Hood's *Robon* looks like she could be big trouble with her tremendous old-age allowance.

Stay tuned next month for more on the SORC.

— latitude 38



WILD SPIRITS

Illustrations by Annie Sutter

When we launched *Wild Spirit* in September of 1978 we had no ideas toward a cruise in the near future. I've never preached cruising one's boat until you had a season or two of local racing and cruising under your belt. But, after all, she was designed for fast cruising, so why not go?

So by December we thought a cruise to the Hawaiian Islands might be in order if I could get all the little things done to the boat by May, and set a departure date of May 15th.

About that time I met a New Zealand couple that had stopped at Palmyra Island on their way to Honolulu and after seeing their pictures rushed home to my wife Annie and conned her into including Palmyra into the four month's cruise.

After the usual last week or two's hectic scene we had everything done and did indeed depart as planned on May 15th. I am very fortunate to be a sailmaker and to have been in and around boats all my life or I don't think we would have gotten *Wild Spirit* prepared as well as we did in just four month's time.

Last year's weather pattern in the eastern North Pacific was abnormally light. The usual eastern Pacific High was scattered across the ocean from the date line to the Mexican coast and pretty much stayed there at a lower latitude than normal through the whole summer and into early fall, making a record for slowness in the Honolulu Race and for the return trip, too. Even so we made the passage to Hilo on the big island of Hawaii in 15 days.

It was a fun passage for all, as after

sailing fast down the California coast and out into the Pacific we picked up moderate and light breezes and sunny skies. Our crew consisted of Annie, doing all the cooking and no watches; my son David, inexperienced offshore but an excellent seaman; Ross Sommer, an experienced yacht deliverer; Zan Drejes, a college art student and Laser sailor par excellence. Zan was the only crew member who would be with us through the entire cruise and although the majority of his sailing had been devoted to tough Laser competition, it certainly proved that that's where the

best sailors come from. He could "hand reef and steer" better than anyone else aboard within two days of departure and with a cast iron stomach to boot.

The passage to Hilo was a sailmaker's dream come true. What better way for a sailmaker to test cruising sails and rigs than on his own boat crossing the ocean? I brought along two DRS's (Drifter/Reacher/Spinnaker) of the new radial head type, and a duplicate of our working jib as well as a light spinnaker. I've never been overenthusiastic about twin down wind sails, believing their use to result in slower speed and





The Wiltin' Hilton, Palmyra

much more rolling. Heretofore I'd always cruised downhill with a poled out genoa or jib or full or reefed main with fast results and no rolling.

We tried twin DRS's for a couple of hours then switched to main and spinnaker for the same time, always keeping in the same wind and sea conditions. We found the DRS's more directional but not quite as fast as the main and spinnaker combination, and we rolled much more with the DRS rig. The twin jibs were never a match for the main and jib or genoa and we really rolled our guts out with the twins.

We sent the spare DRS and jib home on arrival in Hilo and after the whole cruise was ended concluded that a flat heavy starcut spinnaker would be much better than the DRS's if one also had a light genoa or drifter aboard. The DRS will not point like a drifter nor can one run dead down with it, without poling it out like a genoa (requiring a very long pole) or setting it like a spinnaker with the tack to the pole. So why not use a heavy spinnaker?

Enough about sails. Our landfall in Hawaii was spectacular. At sunup we were about 15 miles east of the island

on a very rare, absolutely clear morning. We watched the sun hit the top of Mauna Kea (13,800'), lighting up the snow, then gradually working its way down the beautiful green slopes to the sea. A spectacular sight.

A crew of five is just too many for a long passage on a 36-ft boat, and our accommodations are really fitted out for four. However, I wanted to be free of watch standing during this leg of our cruise so I could do some in-depth study of navigation, in particular, star sights. Some years ago I read Barnard Moitessier's book when he wrote about removing the sextant's scope. He said if the horizon was visible to the naked eye, he could get a sight of a star in the middle of the night, whereas it is impossible through the scope. I practiced this almost every night and became quite good at it. As I was concerned about finding Palmyra Island, I wanted everything going for me and indeed the practice was of great help.

We stayed in Radio Bay, Hilo Harbor, long enough to drop off Dave and Ross, visit the volcanoes and become thoroughly disgusted at being moored stern to the quai where Matson discharged and loaded containers all night. Then too, Hilo is on the wet, windward side of Hawaii, so we sailed around to the Kona (west) side, in company with Bob and Gail Jensen and their Columbia 50 yawl, *Simoon*, out of Sausalito. It is a lovely day's sail around the north tip of the island and we stopped in two fairly protected anchorages. Honoloa, just around the corner from the north tip of the island, offered nice protection from the seas of the Alinuihaha Channel, but

WILD SPIRITS



Annie Sutter

and polices the area. Each vessel leaves its bronze nameplate with the date and a crown-type plaque. They are really great, but unfortunately vandals have chipped the concrete away and a few are missing. It's time for Her Majesties' Navy to return.

The next day, Sunday, June 10, we departed for Palmyra Island. As we approached Hawaii's south cape it became evident our expected clear skies and smooth sailing were just plain dreams and we were in for a dusting. Once clear of the island's lee, we went down from genoa to jib, then all three mainsail reefs to finally our 200 sq. ft. staysail. We carried just this sail almost the entire 900 miles to Palmyra, beam reaching in heavy seas. As there is no shipping in this area, there is very little weather data available. Consequently, the weather bureau's warnings and forecasts are based entirely on satellite pictures. My ham radio morse code was a great help as I was able to copy the Navy and Coast Guard's weather broadcasts to merchant shipping. And, through a phone patch to the marine forecaster in Honolulu, I learned that this area's weather is controlled by the high pressure systems above Hawaii. As these were farther south than normal, we experienced winds from 25 to 40 knots, lots of thunder squalls with rain, with little or no barometer change.

I managed a midnight star fix the night before our expected Palmyra landfall and set a course to place us 10 miles east of the island by 10:30 a.m. If the island didn't show up we were going to heave to and wait for a noon latitude sight. Sure enough no island was sighted, so we parked the boat and watched the birds. We had seen all kinds of sea birds on our way down. Tropic birds, frigate birds, boobies trying to eat our masthead Windex. Sooty terns and Petrels were with us daily. Sure enough, as I watched two boobies head in one direction, west, I spotted the very low grey-green profile of the island. Boy, what a thrill!

We set sail and sailed exactly 10.5 miles to the island's east end, then

not enough from the wind which can come whistling down the mountain at double the prevailing strength. We anchored close in four fathoms on top of a coral reef and what a sight it was through the 6 inch diameter window built into the hull at the foot of the companionway ladder. For the first time we viewed coral and all the reef fish and never wanted to get underway for our next anchorage.

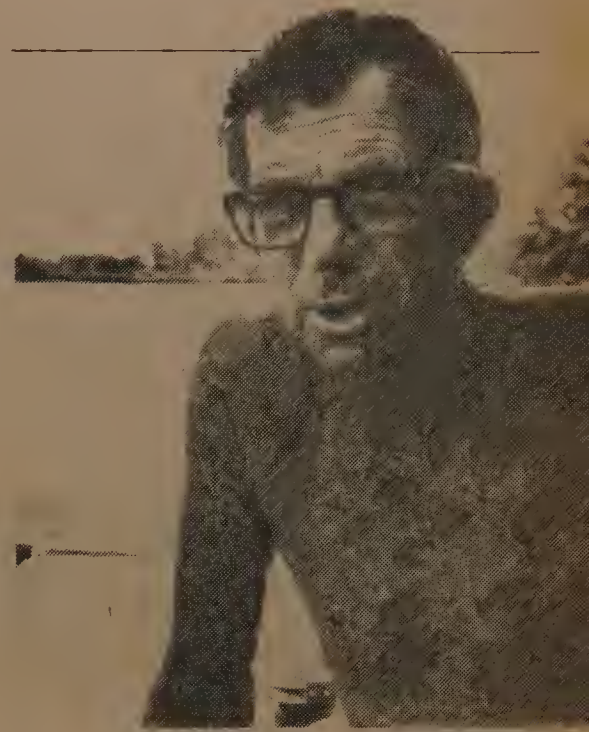
Bob had cruised the Kona coast before, so we followed *Simoon* along to our next anchorage, Kiholo Bay. It's just a little cut in the lava flow open to the prevailing westerlies which died shortly after our arrival putting to rest my apprehensions. Here we found some sand to anchor on and all rowed ashore to enjoy a barbeque of fresh mahi mahi we'd caught and have a swim in a spring fed fresh water pool just 30 feet from the ocean. This pool is quite large and right in a huge big black lava flow with coconut palms all around. Spectacular.

Kealakua Bay is beautiful, fairly well protected, and is where Captain Cook was killed. The British Navy has built a very simple, and to me a very moving, monument to that great seaman. It has been there perhaps 50 or 60 years, and every 10 years or so a British Naval vessel comes and paints the monument





"Wild Spirit" in the lagoon



Peter Sutter

under it's lee and along the south shore to the west end of the huge surfbreak. We rounded that and then felt our way into the channel which had been blasted out by the Navy some 40 years earlier. The channel is 100 feet wide and 18 feet deep; it has no markers but in sunlight is easy to see. Fortunately we had sunlight which lasted just long enough to see us into the lagoon when another squall hit.

Palmyra Island, Lat 5° 53 N Long 162° 05 W is 5 miles long and two miles wide. It is a coral reef with 10 or so islets above the sea, interconnecting and surrounding three very deep, well-protected lagoons. The island is a US possession, privately owned, and leased recently to the Palmyra Plantation Co. for the harvesting of copra.

My wife Annie will take over here, with her description of Palmyra, taken from her journal.

June 16

Day 6 of a 960-mile sail from Kona to Palmyra Island. Birds have appeared and bits of trees float by, but no sight of the island by late morning. Peter decides to heave to and wait for a noon sight — we are either right on top of the island or we will sail on by if we con-

WILD SPIRITS

tinue. Journal entries from the preceding days: "12 degrees N — a sort of scary place — oppressive heat — I crawl into my wet, hot bunk and leaks dribble on my head. The seas are big and we roll a lot. What a tiny, presumptuous dot in an immensity we are."

Later, "The rolling has increased — waves smash over the bow and everything in the galley shifts and crashes, shifts and crashes back." Now there is a thick land smell, heavy and oppressive air; it's hard to breathe. Just moments after heaving to, Peter spies the island, a grey smudge on the horizon, dead ahead. Someone said to follow the birds, and there they are, millions wheeling in the direction of the grey smudge.

June 17

As Palmyra began to take shape we could see rows and rows of palms and surf crashing up on white beaches — certainly no bare and windswept place,

but a lush tropical island just like they're supposed to look.

There is only one entrance to the lagoon and we picked our way cautiously as the reef came up to 16, 14, then 12 feet. Through the porthole in the hull we could see glowing colors and coral shapes of every kind, but Peter was in no mood for comments on the reef's beauty as it edged up to 10 feet. Then from the spreaders we saw the deep blue of the channel and motored into it.

A barge with a truck on it lay half submerged on the reef, a coconut growing out of the truck! Four big rays accompanied us and thousands of white birds flew off their nests as we passed. Then a strong rain squall swept across the lagoon and hit us head on, just as we were safely inside.

It was a huge lagoon, all surrounded with palms and beaches and turquoise sand flats and fish splashing all over. We

headed for a tin-roofed house where we could see people running around and waving. We found out later they rang the dinner bell and called "yacht coming!" We were the first to visit in some time. We pulled right up to a rusty old wharf and stepped ashore to meet the Gilbertese boys, the copra workers from Christmas Island, and the island's owner and plantation managers. Quite a large population for the island we found out later.

June 18

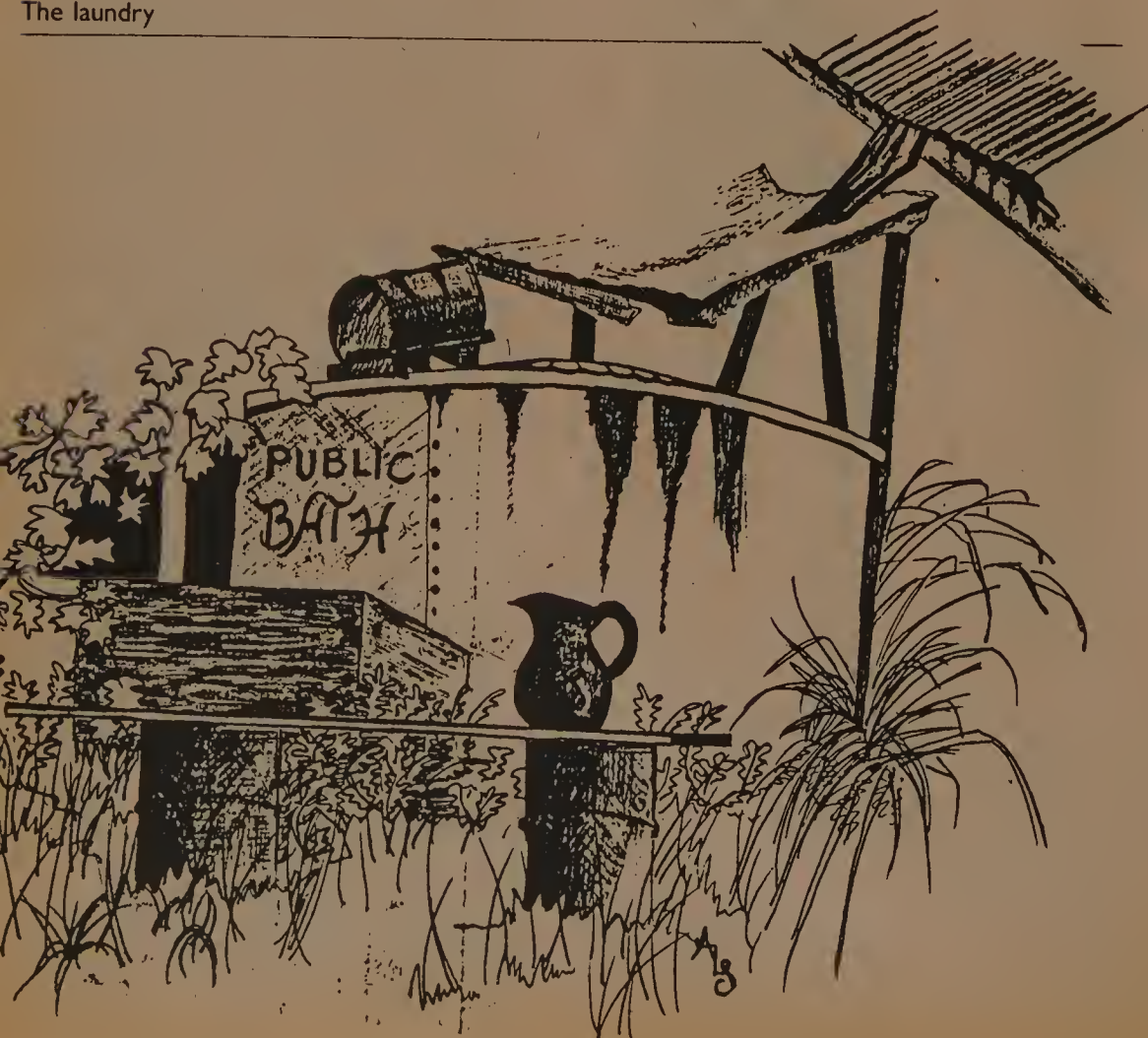
Got organized, did laundry at the "Public Bath" — took a walk on the runway. In the afternoon we went touring in the Avon. Wow! Fish and birds everywhere. It really is not one island, but a series of islets circling a lagoon and bounded by reefs on the outside. The Navy connected some of them to make a runway and roads, but some of the farthest ones are hard to get to — a long hike over watery sand flats. Those tough ones to get to are where rumor has it there are glass balls stacked everywhere for the taking. We will see.

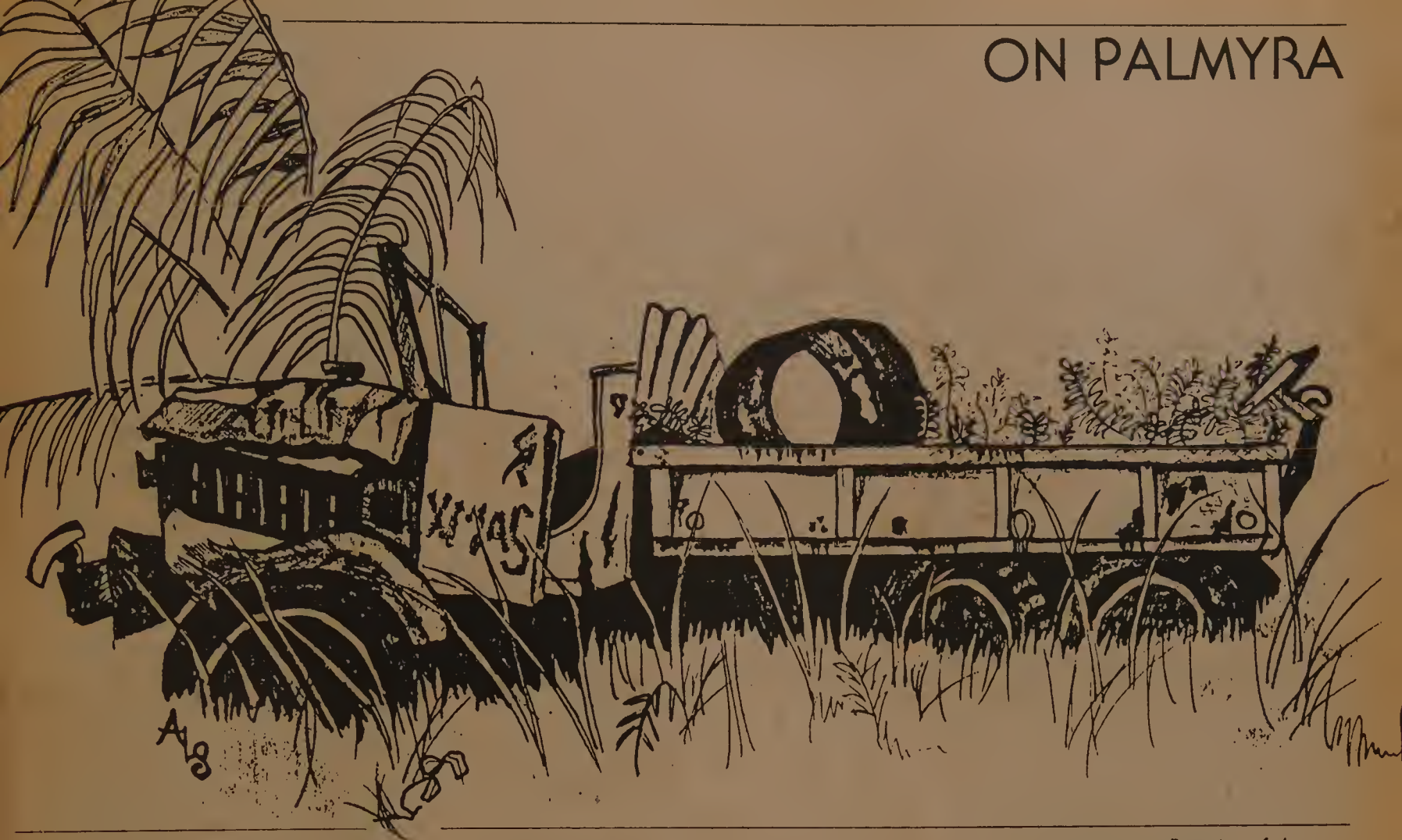
We crossed through incredible colored water, forded the causeways and circled around to the reef looking for glass balls. Saw sand-colored, black-finned sharks, numerous rays and swirling schools of fish. At one shallow place where we carried the raft I had to choose between a shark at the ford, an eel in the inner lagoon and a puffed up puffer fish behind. Above were dozen of angry nesting boobie birds. The boobies are white with blue beaks and pink-purple eyelids and you can walk right up to them nesting, but you get an awful SQUAAAK! The sooty terns were sitting there by the millions, with their chicks. Our motor started them up, and they blackened the sky. The chicks couldn't fly and ran around in panic. We got back very hot and sunburned.

June 19

In January of 1979 the Palmyra Plantation Co. was formed and they leased the island from the owners, the Fullard-Leo family of Honolulu who has owned

The laundry





Remains of the war

the island for fifty years. They will harvest copra, the dried meat of the cocoanut, but first they are busy reclaiming land from the jungle; cutting, burning and dumping incredible amounts of rusting remains from the naval base. The population ususally consists of John, the plantation manager, 17 workers from Christmas Island, and Bernadetta, the cook. However, when we arrived there were 4 extra visitors; Ainsley Fullard-Leo, the island's owner who came by tugboat a month ago, and the co-manager of the plantation and two friends who came by plane for a three day visit two weeks ago. The plane did not return for them as scheduled, and although they are in daily radio contact with Honolulu, it still has not come back to retrieve them. Truly an out of the way place! A ship bringing the first supplies and equipment since January has been supposed to arrive for sometime now, and they are down to eating fish with fish with fish. The ship is reported to be in Lahaina and leaving soon. So, we should be having some excitement with ship and plane arrivals.

June 20

The islands are teeming, literally crawling with life. Hermit crabs are everywhere, trundling along paths. Some are red, some are purple, and they fight each other, leaving little piles of crab remains everywhere. The hermit crabs are smaller and come in all shapes of shells. If you sit real still on the beach little crabs creep from holes, and then at a movement, dart back in unison making it look as if the beach shifted. If you sit still too long, a horrible looking cocoanut crab will come from under something walking sideways, menacing with his claws. Frogs sit in the path at night, a salamander has taken up residence on the boat and I hear that rats abound. Mosquitoes, yes; flies, terrible; bees and hornets and stuff like that, too.

June 21

Today I am on a beach outside of the islands. Very shallow sand flats lead out to the reef where waves crash white. The flats are teeming, too, although there is very little water today at low tide. Sand spurts up from holes, schools of fish splatter the water, eels wriggle in

the shallows. So far today I have seen a rainbow and pink clouds — then such a heavy rain as to be almost solid — then a walk down a blinding white beach with the sun so hot I could hardly make it to the trees that I am now sitting under. Yesterday a plane was to come for the stranded ones. Everyone got ready and we waited on the runway with wheelbarrows full of boxes and belongings, but no plane arrived. At sunset we gave up and found by radio that the plane couldn't find the island and had to return to Honolulu while they still had enough gas. P.S. to today's notes: I am back on the boat and in the late afternoon Ainsley and David came back from the outer lagoon towing eighteen glass and plastic balls! It was true about the riches on the far reefs.

June 24

The boys go out in their orange boat twice a day to fish. Their meals are fish with rice and fish with big gooey dough balls mixed with cocoanut which Bernadetta boils. They are good looking, young, friendly and shy, and often they come by the boat and toss aboard some fish. Yesterday in the prow of their boat,

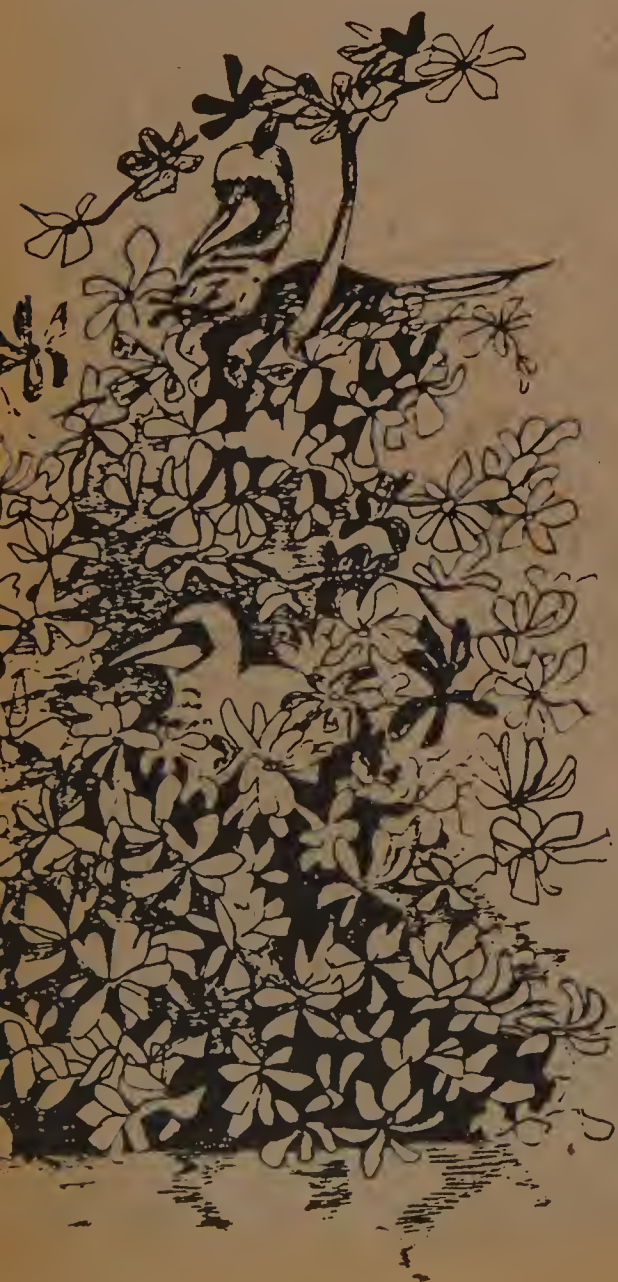
WILD SPIRITS

there was a big shark with his teeth fastened into a fish at least as big as my leg. Those boys go for them if they get in the way of the nets, but we have all decided to stay out of the water entirely! Been having lobsters regularly. The boys pick them up when they see them, but don't like them and we have received three burlap bags of angry, squirming lobsters so far. We have a heart of palm as big as an elephant's leg, and some "runway salad," a succulent that grows on the runway.

June 27

Two days of solid rain has kept us

Boobies in the bushes



cooped up. It doesn't rain here — it liquifies. The ship has finally arrived. What excitement to see her waiting out in the channel in the morning sun, all white and gleaming. Not so white and gleaming on closer look though, her anchor chain rattled down several hundred yards off the wharf because her engine broke down before they made it in. Now she is safely docked and an incredible variety of goodies is coming ashore — chickens, goats, rabbits, food, booze and 100 cases of beer! A backhoe tractor got hung up halfway on the ship and half on land and they had to wait for high tide to free it. Fun to see the new faces of her crew. Ray, the Captain, bought the ship for salvage when she went on a reef somewhere, and she is irreverently known as *The Lahaina Turkey*. He has twinkling eyes, a Clark Gable grin, baggy trousers, disarrayed grey hair on top of which a baseball cap permanently rides, and has a beer in his hand consistently. His navigatress is a lovely blonde named Irene, who got them to this tiny place in spite of the fact that the radar had to be taken apart several days before arrival and was put back together backwards, things to starboard showing port, etc. The crew is from Honolulu and Lahaina, a really mixed bunch — already we can see that they will be fun people and some parties are lining up. They are their own best customers for the 100 cases of beer which are being unloaded. At \$1.00 a can, the New Palmyra Bar is doing a brisk business.

June 30

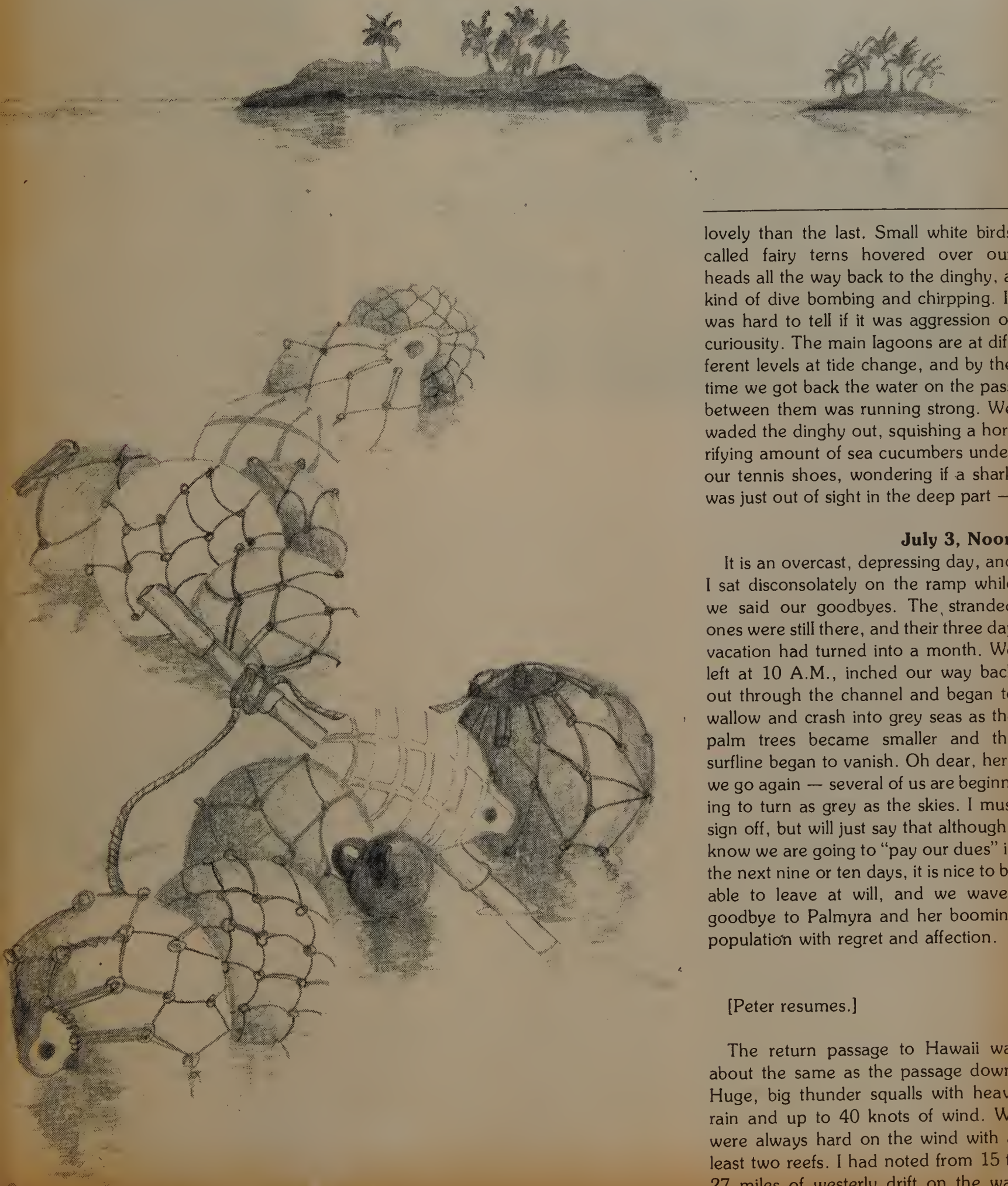
The ship's cargo has transformed the island. The backhoe tore buildings and trees down, new sheds went up, paint appeared, and they began tearing down and burning the Palmyra Hilton. Little flocks of chickens and ducks are marching about, rabbits are huddling in their cages, and there is a litter of kittens still hiding in the ship's galley. The animal mortality rate was unfortunately high. Only twelve chickens arrived — and wouldn't you know they are all roosters! Two goats made it of a number which

started, and we have achieved lasting if not dubious fame in Palmyra as they have named the goats Peter and Annie.

Last night they had a party on the *Turkey* for all 40 of the island's suddenly-booming population. Dee, the cook, who in her other life is a lady welder for Bechtel, and who has the biggest, brightest smile in the Line Islands, turned out a feast. Salads, which we hadn't seen for far too long, casseroles, potatoes, vegetables, all kinds of fish and meat and a big chocolate cake. Even while we ate, Leo, the ship's leading fisherman whose T-Shirt says "Frig Fishing," kept pulling them up — red snapper, ono, others I can't name. Dee makes me feel ashamed to gripe about cooking for a mere four people. Predictably, most everybody got drunk, and unpredictably, the beer brought out warlike tendencies in the Gilbertese and a couple of them fought. Mostly they sat on the fantail having a "singsong," mellow, chantlike music accompanied by guitars. Rain would sweep the party, clearing the decks, then it would stop and the party would start again. We finally made our way through the dark on the dripping jungly paths to our boat at her rusty piling mooring.

July 1

Ray, Irene and Dee zoomed by about 11 A.M. in their red dinghy, cooler fully of iced beer, and off we went for another exploration. How rare to see ice! Cold beer! They had peeled big slabs of it off the freezer's sides, oh heavenly stuff, wallowing in coldness. We went off to see the hospital from the navy's occupation, now deep in the clutches of the jungle, far from the main complex. Why so remote? In case of bombing? I don't know, but we also discovered long stretches of barbed wire that had been installed along the reefs. Could they possibly have attempted to enclose the entire 14 mile circumference in barbed wire? I discovered more lagoons within the farther islands, hidden little bays, sand beaches. Just when I know exactly where the dream house is going to go, up pops a spot more



lovely than the last. Small white birds called fairy terns hovered over our heads all the way back to the dinghy, a kind of dive bombing and chirpping. It was hard to tell if it was aggression or curiosity. The main lagoons are at different levels at tide change, and by the time we got back the water on the pass between them was running strong. We waded the dinghy out, squishing a horrifying amount of sea cucumbers under our tennis shoes, wondering if a shark was just out of sight in the deep part —

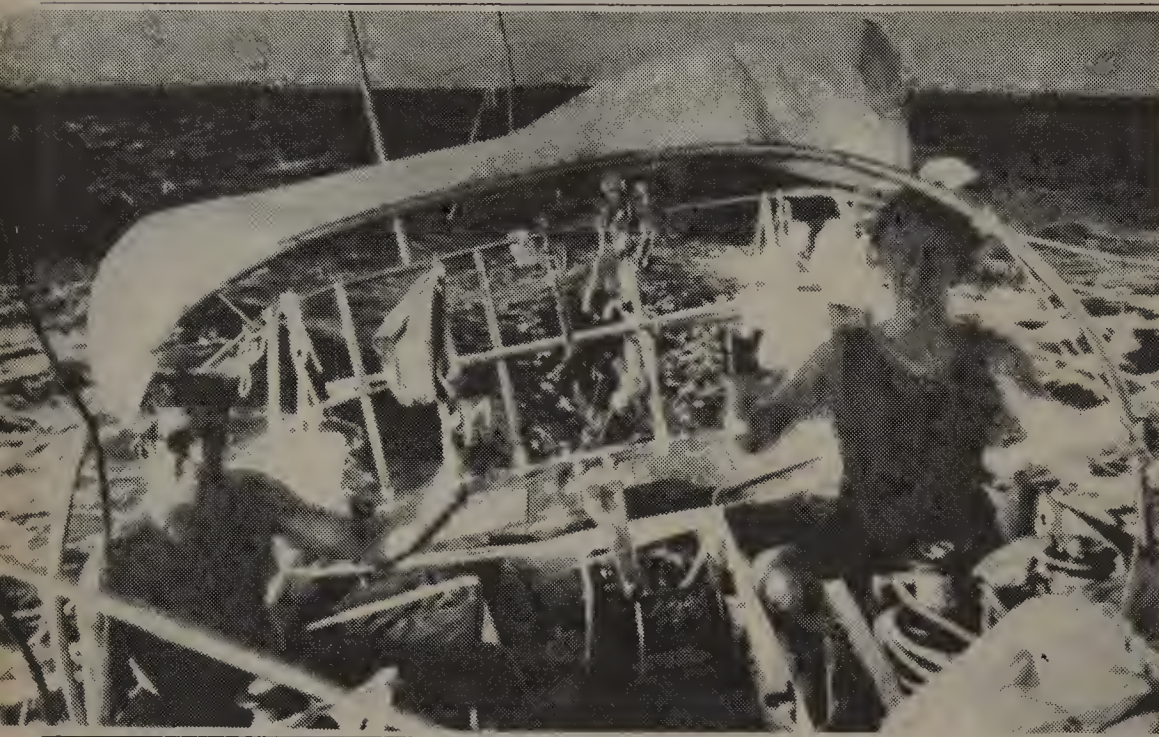
July 3, Noon

It is an overcast, depressing day, and I sat disconsolately on the ramp while we said our goodbyes. The stranded ones were still there, and their three day vacation had turned into a month. We left at 10 A.M., inched our way back out through the channel and began to wallow and crash into grey seas as the palm trees became smaller and the surfline began to vanish. Oh dear, here we go again — several of us are beginning to turn as grey as the skies. I must sign off, but will just say that although I know we are going to “pay our dues” in the next nine or ten days, it is nice to be able to leave at will, and we waved goodbye to Palmyra and her booming population with regret and affection.

[Peter resumes.]

The return passage to Hawaii was about the same as the passage down. Huge, big thunder squalls with heavy rain and up to 40 knots of wind. We were always hard on the wind with at least two reefs. I had noted from 15 to 27 miles of westerly drift on the way

WILD SPIRITS



Cocktail hour — without ice

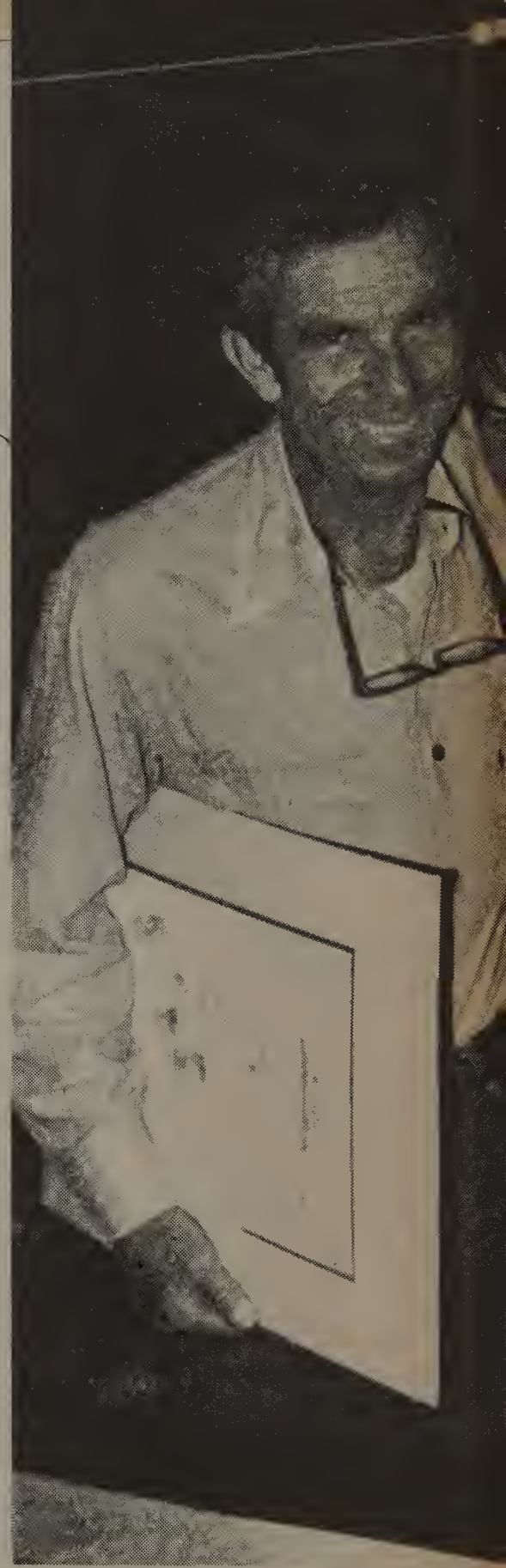
down so we allowed for this and tacked on every single header to make as much easting as possible. We reefed and unreefed, changed from jib to staysail as though we were racing. It was really the first time we'd had *Wild Spirit* on the wind and we were very pleased with her motion in some of the square waves.

She is a 13,400 lb. boat, 36' long, 10'6" beam, 30' LWL, 6'0" draft and with 640 sq. ft. of sail area, designed by Tom Wylie, with cold molded construction by C & B Marine, Santa Cruz, California. She has a staysail stay on a lever with easily set up runners and as we never use a double head rig, I call her rig two sloops. One a modern mast head rig, the other an inboard short rig to balance with two or three reefs in the main from 25 to 35 knots and with staysail alone in higher winds. The rig worked extremely well for us. We found dropping the jib and hoisting the staysail an easy maneuver and spent very little time on the foredeck making the change. We had no windvane self-steering but used the Sharp auto-pilot driving the tiller. It only drained the batteries by 10 amps a day, whether going upwind or down, with spinnaker or boomed out headsail.

The rough passage north took nine days, covering 1,200 miles and averaging 133 miles per day. We anchored again in Kailua Bay and all four of us devoured three milkshakes apiece at one sitting before heading for our first martinis with ice in five weeks.

I won't bother you with our cruise through the Hawaiian group. We visited every island and liked some facet of each. I found most anchorages hostile from a seaman's point of view with little or no protection from westerly swells which do prevail, contrary to printed info. What harbors there are, are built for commercial barge traffic and although they do provide protection, all are in some very dry, dusty, godforsaken area and not worth visiting. Tourists and their attendant fume-ridden buses are everywhere, and we spent a lot of time avoiding them.

By far the best, most beautiful bay with the least amount of tourists is Hanalei Bay on the north coast of Kauai. We planned to spend the last three weeks of our cruise before the long passage home in Hanalei, and it was fantastic. It is on the north coast of Kauai, a perfect halfmoon in shape, surrounded by steep mountains complete



with fifty waterfalls. It has a sand bottom and is perfectly protected from the summertime NE trades. A short distance from our anchorage we could swim in wonderful freshwater pools or hike around the Napali Coast trail and find century old villages. The best swimming was under waterfalls and deep, freshwater pools.

Twice we sailed down the coast to an-



Pete & Annie back on "Sutter Street"

ON PALMYRA



The island's population goes for a cruise on "Wild Spirit"

Louis, who at 70 years is a keen and avid sailor. He has been cruising all over the Pacific for the last 50 years and has a wealth of information. As well, he teaches navigation at the University of Hawaii and it was really great to spend some time with him, ironing out some questions I'd had about moon sight reduction.

Hanalei Bay is a common departure point for yachts returning to the mainland as it is the most northerly bay in the islands. At one period we counted 20 yachts preparing for the passage the mainland. It was fun visiting with them, and as many skippers are ham licensed we kept schedules with them all the way home. We also checked in with Henry Lee's "Skippers" net in Honolulu. Henry, KH6DE provides a wonderful service to yachtsmen cruising in the Pacific. Always there, keeping each yacht's position up to date and knowing just about where every yacht in the Pacific is, whether they have ham radios or not.

Our passage home was easy as all those high pressure areas continued to dominate the eastern Pacific. I was able to make weather maps twice a day and sail around them fairly well, but even

so, we ended up powering for four days in a flat calm. The highlights of the trip home were the North Pacific albatross and the Japanese flotsam. Although the albatross certainly aren't to be compared with their brothers of the South Seas, they are still a wonder to watch, gliding along, inches above the water and never stopping. The Japanese flotsam, glass fishing balls and junk were certainly more prevalent. I was amazed at just how much junk (all plastic) is floating in our ocean and all of it with Japanese or Korean markings. Further, the whole of the ocean is ridden with tiny little pieces of styrofoam. At first we thought they were a form of plankton until we stopped for a swim and picked them up. Terrible!

Three days from the Gate we had three gallons of fuel left. We had sailed and powered south around a high and finally got a light NE wind which turned into a very close spinnaker reach for us all the way in. Those three days and nights of smooth water spinnaker reaching were a marvelous end to a great cruise. Eight thousand miles in four months is a lot of sailing, but what better way to spend four months?

— peter & annie sutter

chor in the lee of a wonderful reef off that part of the coast that can only be visited by boat or helicopter. Here we snorkled with all kinds of reef fish and huge turtles. We climbed up into deep valleys to visit the ruins of the old peoples.

Our stay in Hanalei bay was highlighted by the arrival of Louis Valier and his ketch, *Tere*. I had a wonderful time with

OUT OF MY MIND



We were thumbing through the 1980 edition of Guinness Book of World Records, when on page 447 we came across the name Andrew Urbanczyk, listed as holding the world record for fastest solo sail from Japan to San Francisco — 49 days in his 27 foot sloop. For a minute we thought it must be the same 'horned' Urbanczyk who writes in these pages each month. But seeing that Urbanczyk is such a common name, it must be someone else.

Ad multos annos — said ancient Roman, which means “May you live many years.” Zum Wohl — says German, drinking shots of *Starkjager*, and “*Na zdarovie*” says Russians emptying glass of *Stolichnaya*. In both cases it means “For good health . . .”

But what about health at seas and oceans? What are the most important problems? What are the very best medicines? Here are some impressions, or rather “variations on theme,” about health: The myth of seasickness, sea water — to drink or not to drink, VD in it's full glory, mental health problems. Also, a little bit of irony.

SEASICKNESS

“Were you very seasick?” the Swedish reporters asked me when, after two wet but fantastic weeks, our raft *Nord* landed in Scandinavia after crossing the Baltic Sea. This was 25 years ago, but the question is still asked.

This is a standard, but completely wrong question often asked by landlubbers around the world. Seasickness has become one of numerous myths about sailing. During a quarter century of sailing, I saw only once a man who was really seasick. He appeared as a piece of rag. He was unable to talk, to stay, to squeeze a finger. All that he was able to do was to drink water and return it. Even in biggest emergency this poor guy was unable to lift his exploding-from-headache head . . .

Russians, very tough mariners, say: “So long as somebody is working, he is not seasick.” Probably this is very true. Health gives the man ability to work, and work gives health.

It is well known that when crew is working hard, he very rarely is nauseous or vomiting. Captains rarely “feed the fish,” as people in Europe say, because of big responsibilities, not because of training. Most troubled stomachs have owners who are sitting in cockpit and literally do nothing.

The second principle is that people belowdecks where they can't observe the horizon, are more likely to experience nausea or vomiting. These are the only two rules I believe in. It is more

difficult to believe in the numerous medications offered by unlimited producers in so many countries. Probably they don't help any more than ancient necklace of oriental seeds, prayers, silver coin in the mouth, etc., etc. Psychologically for many people, drugs are the shortest way to lose their last meal. Because, if somebody is taking pills he is afraid, he doesn't trust himself, and so he will lose the natural ability to overcome nausea and discomfort. His is lifting white flag of capitulation on his mast . . .

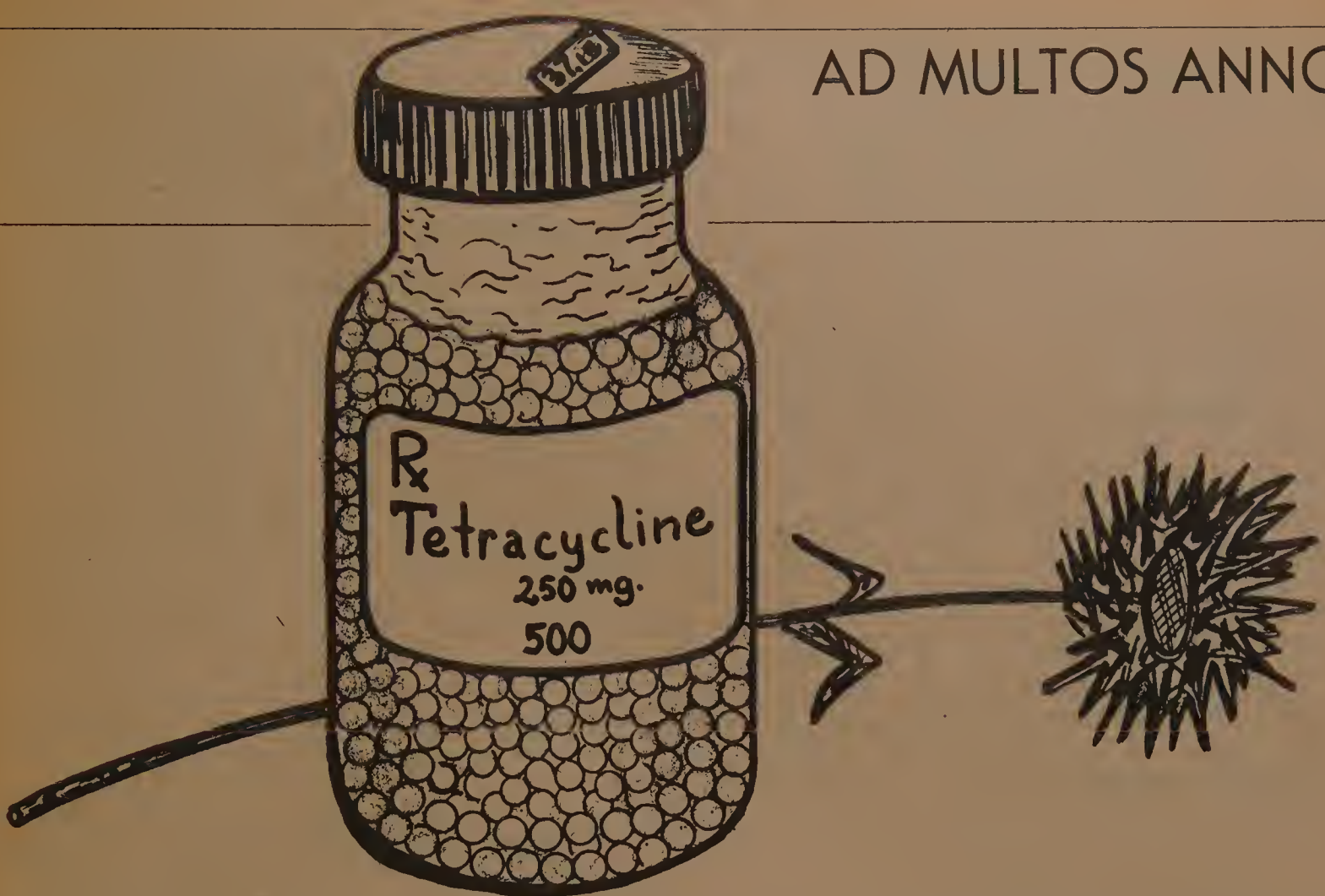
There were plenty famous sailors who, especially during the first days at sea, paid their toll to Poseidon. But they circumnavigated, they won long and tough regattas, all while vomiting and working. Even famous Lord Nelson was not free from this complaint . . .

Finally: don't worry about seasickness. There is probably only 0.01% chance that you can be really seasick. In cases of nausea — work hard and stay on the deck. If you feel bad — just do as Italian say, “release the peacock” and forget it!

SEA WATER. TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK?

The older of us probably remember well the “Bombard Era” — a period of enthusiasm for sea water as an emergency substitution for fresh water. The French doctor and sailor crossed (alone) the Atlantic alone without water and food. He drank salt water, fish juice, and rain water and ate plankton and fish. He did all this with the very best intentions to help shipwreck victims. Unfortunately his conclusions were wrong. Later, more serious research (for example, NASA), confirmed the old instruction: “DO NOT DRINK SEA WATER.”

Because of physiological processes, a given amount of salts must be removed from human body, mostly through the kidneys. To remove this amount of salt, the body needs a given amount of water, a “carrier,” or more expertly, a solvent. Fresh water which is in 99.9% a pure H₂O can remove lot of products from our body. Sea water which con-



One of the most important medicines is antibiotics . . .

ains 3.5% of various salts can't do same. It is as train coming to railway station with all seats occuppied and is leaving our 'body station' without any significant change in the quality of passenger. "Hell with such train," will say the products of metabolism in our body, and soon their irritation will hit us with enormous power . . .

Very interesting, all sources agree that without food man can survive at least fourteen days. Some references are giving even longer period — us to forty days! But all agree can survive for much, much less time without water.

Final conclusion: In emergency we must never look down for water, but always up to the sky. North Pacific has an average of percipitation equal to 8 inches per month. Even for small dinghy — let's say 6 feet in diameter, it is over 3 gallons per day!

Another problem. I am still thinking about an idea: probably in emergency situation faced to limited or no water supplies, man must at first drastically reduce food consumption, because this will (probably) reduce request for water. Maybe somebody is working on similar

problems?

V.D.

There are unlimited jokes about seaman and veneral dieases. Stop laughing friends, because we are going into really important matters.

In 1978 I was spending winter in Japan after singlehanded voyage from San Francisco, I was invited for dinner by captain of one very modern ship from, 'East Zone.' The ship was fantastic, dinner delicious. After we finished very professional conversation about North Pacific, singlehanding, Pilot Charts, and radar reflections, the captain proposed that I take routine physical examination by ship's doctor. I hated to, but to be polite, accepted. I expected the regular torture with blood pressure test, hammer, and painful examination of all bays of my body.

When I visited the ship's small hospital, the doctor — an old salt — chewing a cigar asked me briefly: "Your globe ok?" I remember this slang so I answered: "Yes doc, mentally I am perfect." "Good," said Old Salt. "And what about counterweight? You do not

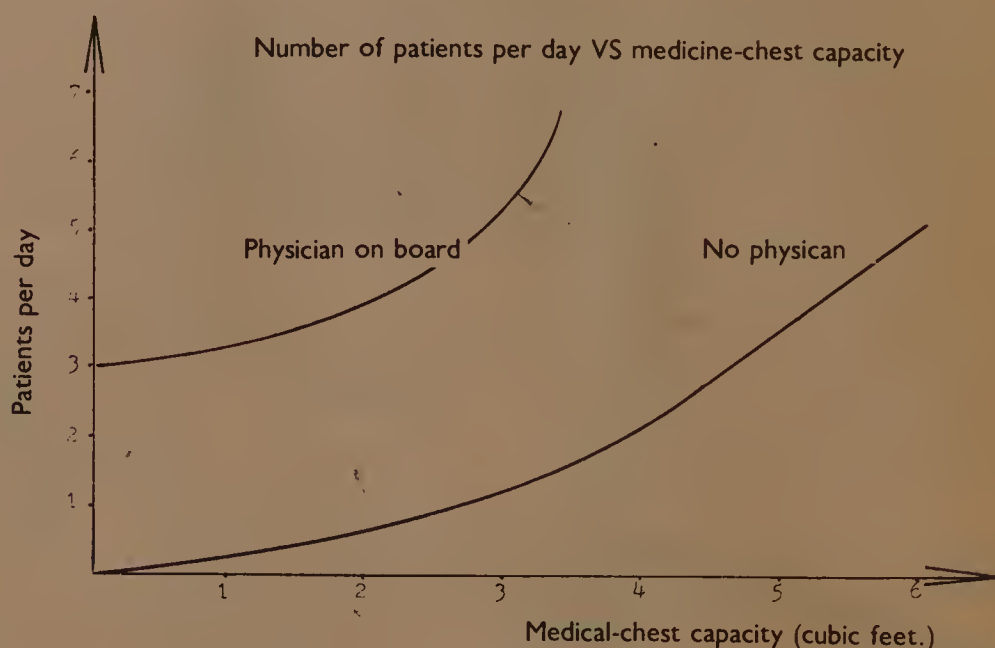
understand what I am asking about? Your bowsprit!" "Perfect, just in best condition, sir" I replied. "If this is true," he said, "you are healthy, so why in hell are you taking my time? Next!"

He was very best physician I met in my life. Many year of practice gave him the knowlege that mental sickness and V.D. are number 1 of all sailors troubles. The monotony of sailing — same days, same nights and again same days — do a lot of damage in our brains. Vibrations of engines on freighters and rolling of ship can be very harmful, and if the spirit is not healthy, all troubles with unlimited parts of our body can start giving trouble at any time.

But after a long voyage, looking for — let's say refreshment — some amusement with the opposite corps, the counterweight is exposed to big trouble. All harbors around the world are full of nice girls, ready to go for so low as \$1.00 in (removed by censor) or so much as \$50.00 in Japan. Most of these sweet babies are, how to say . . . not too healthy. From this reason one of most important medicines

OUT OF MY MIND

“ . . . all the
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. . . ”



If you have a huge medical chest you shall soon have many patients

in our chest is probably good quality of antibiotics.

According to official statistics, thousands of mariners are in trouble with V.D. each year. I think we sailors are no better than they are. In any emergency the best place to go is the Harbor Medical Office where there are all necessary medicines for fast treatment, and an Old Salt are ready to cure any counterweight in trouble.

MENTAL PROBLEMS

We can saw our arm, we can cast our leg, we can remove tooth. But with mental health, things aren't so easy. Besides, lonely sailing is a dangerous game, kind of ballet salto-mortale style. To sail in bad team can be even worse, a tremendous stress and straight path of disorders, even mental disease. Everybody know a lot of such stories, at least the classical example of Crowhurst, a singlehander who committed suicide during round the world races.

There are for sure, people to whom sailing is unhealthy by definition. People crying at sea, asking to go back to land at any price. People resisting to cooperate, to work, to talk. People scared to death, mad men, aggressors. For such people, and especially for their

mates, it is much better to stay home, to climb mountains, to gamble, or what ever they like, but not to sail.

It appears that at sea the key to health is in our brain. Regardless if we are talking about seasickness, ability to survive, etc. Believing very strong in this I never had any big interest in classical medicine on board. I never read more than 10% of all those so boring medical articles in sailor's magazines. Less medicine — less sick people!

If you have huge medical chest (or even worse, a doctor in your crew) you can be more than sure that soon you shall have lot of patients. No question, but you are never sick if your chest is empty and nearest physician in Rarotonga. Those who like to stay healthy will stay that way even with fever, strong nausea, or broken arm. Sailors have finished the OSTAR with broken bones and people have retired from short races just because of . . . cold. Fig. 3.

Reading newspapers with all this news about people flying balloon over Atlantic, pedaling glider across La Manche, climbing Himalayas — the big impression is that man's ability is unusual. This also refer to our health.

Ad multos annos!

— andrew urbanczyk

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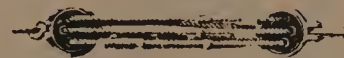
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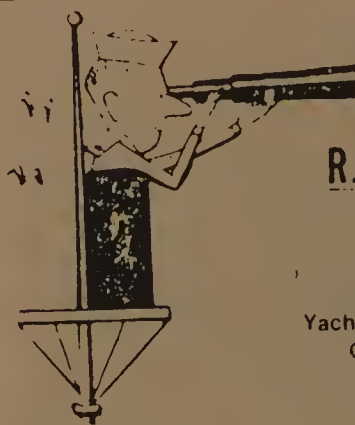
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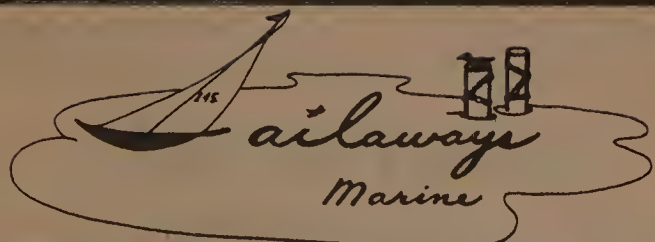
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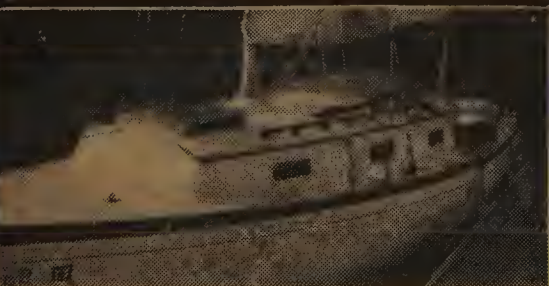
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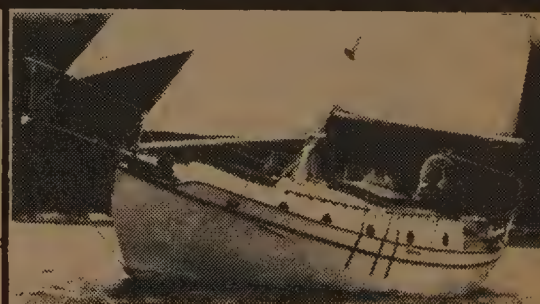
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43' WESTSAIL YAWL.....	140,000
41' SWAN.....	145,000
41' PIVER TRIMARAN.....	41,000
41' BENNETT KETCH.....	47,500
41' CT.....	2 from 75,000
40' CHALLENGER.....	89,000
40' STONE KETCH.....	19,000
40' NEWPORT KETCH.....	55,000
40' HANG NEYH KETCH.....	27,500
39' COLUMBIA-CUTTER RIGGED SLOOP.....	59,995
38' ALAJUELA.....	90,000
38' FARELLON CLIPPER.....	36,000
37' GULF STAR.....	85,000
37' IRWIN MARK II KETCH.....	55,000
37' FAR EAST GARDEN.....	52,000
36' CHEOY LEE CLIPPER.....	67,500
35' ERICSON.....	45,000
33' MORGAN OIL.....	45,000
32' ISLANDER.....	27,500
32' STEEL SLOOP, aft cabin.....	35,900
32' WESTSAIL CUTTER.....	49,500
32' CLIPPER MARINE.....	21,500
32' BUGEYE KETCH.....	5,000
32' STEEL SLOOP, aft cabin.....	35,900
32' HERITAGE MARINE.....	33,000
30' RAWSON.....	3 from 25,000
30' ISLANDER.....	low price 23,500
30' PACIFIC.....	14,000
30' NEWPORT.....	35,000
30' FAREAST H-30 KETCH.....	25,000
30' ERICSON.....	22,500
30' ALBERG.....	25,950
30' COLUMBIA.....	5,000
29' COLUMBIA MARK I.....	21,750
29' ISLANDER.....	19,750
29' TRINTELLA.....	24,500
28'6" PEARSON TRITON.....	2 from 17,750
28' PEARSON.....	29,500
28' STONE MOTORSAILER.....	15,000
28' BUCCANEER.....	10,500
28' KINGS CRUISER.....	8,500
28' COLUMBIA.....	13,500
28'7" COLUMBIA, 8.7.....	44,000
27' DUFFIN KETCH.....	8,500
27' PEARSON RENEGADA.....	15,000
26' NORDIC FOLKBOAT.....	2 from 7,000
26' ERICSON.....	11,900
26' ROY NELSON MOTORSAILER.....	10,500
26' RANGER.....	10,500
26' COLUMBIA MARK I.....	2 from 10,000
25' 6" CONYPLEX SEXTANT.....	9,800
25' B. SEA HORSE YAWL.....	14,500
25' BALBOA.....	10,500

25' PETERSON 2-25.....	20,000
25' TRIMARAN.....	6,400
25' STEPHENS GOLDEN GATE.....	5,500
25' DEBUTANTE.....	3,900
25' CAPE DORY.....	14,700
25' CHEOY LEE.....	3 from 8,500
24' BRISTOL.....	3 from 11,900
24' SAN JUAN.....	17,000
24' 7" SANTANA 1/4 TON.....	13,900
24' ISLANDER BAHAMA.....	2 from 6,000
24' COLUMBIA CONT.....	4,000
24' C&C NIAGRA.....	13,500
24' FARR 727.....	16,500
23' BEAR.....	2 from 4,400
23' COLUMBIA.....	6,950
23' S2 7.3.....	14,900
23' COASTER.....	7,700
23' WINDROSE.....	5,200
23' MAYA.....	8,500
23' CLIPPER MARINE.....	7,000
23' ISLANDER.....	5,500
23' SPITZGATTER/KLAU.....	5,650
23' KELLS COASTER.....	7,700
23' NEWPORT VENTURE.....	6,500
23' BEAR.....	2 from 4,400
22' SANTANA.....	2 from 5,500
22' COX.....	6,300
22' COLUMBIA.....	5,000
21' ISLANDER.....	2 from 4,500
20' CAL.....	6,100
20' PETERSON MERMAID.....	2 from 4,000

Formosa 35' Ketch



New at our Alameda Sales Dock: Formosa 35' Ketch. Her 11'3" Beam, 4,000# Ballast, & 4'5" Draft make the 35' Formosa Ketch a stable & comfortable cruising ship. You will fall in love with the hand-rubbed hardwoods & brass, as well as the room to move about freely. Ideal for entertaining or living aboard. Comes equipped with 25 H.P. Volvo Diesel, Hot Water Shower, and Much More!! Designed by Angeman & Ward. Base price: \$49,500.

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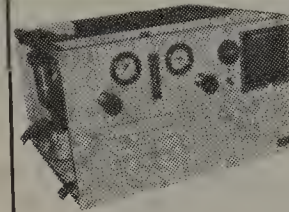
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Autopilots for sailboats
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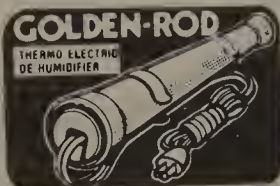
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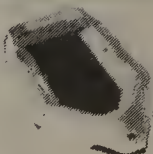
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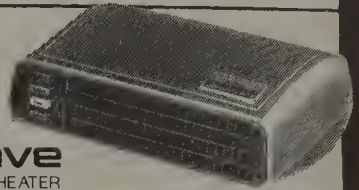


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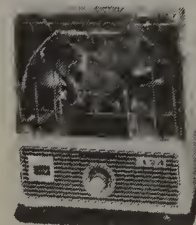
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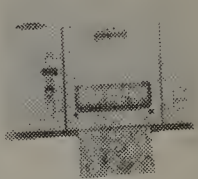


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GREAT SPECS
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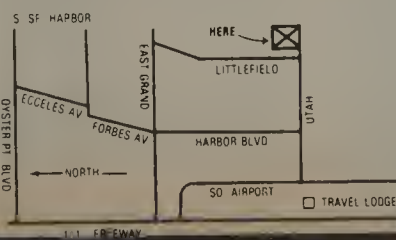
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FEBRUARY SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICES

6 H.P.	std.	\$578
	long	\$598
	X long	\$628

8 H.P.	std.	\$721	14 H.P.	std.	\$955
	long	\$744		long	\$992

These motors combine the advantages of modern technology with great simplicity. They have remote tanks, use 27% oil mix and have solid state ignition systems. The 6 h.p. Longshaft weighs only 49 lbs., & pivots a full 360°. The exhaust is fully underwater which makes this the only outboard we know of that can be run in a well with the cover closed in all conditions. Come & See these remarkable machines during February and SAVE.

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We have a new way of buying this best of all yacht braids, enabling us to give you really great prices.

1/4"	16¢/ft.
5/16"	20¢/ft.
3/8"	29¢/ft.
7/16"	34¢/ft.
1/2"	45¢/ft.

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Hydro vane	650
QME vane	140
12v power windlass	175
Sonar RDF	35
Antigua mahog.&china folding basin	500
2 only — 40 lb. West Coaster Anchors	40 ea.
3 wire No. 10 30 amp Shorepower Cable	.75¢/ft.
5 HP Seagull	175
3 HP Seagull	175
5 HP Evenrude	200
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Power winch, new	180
MKII Steering vane	300
Bronze Anchor rollers	113
Metzeler Brigant, new	1150
'79 Honda 10 hp, new	643
Silva Compasses, new	47

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24' Nightingale	14,000
24' Venture 2-24	5,500
24' Yankee Dolphin	2 from 10,500
25' C&C	13,500
25' Pacific Clipper	2 from 8,400
25' Folkboat	11,000
26' Frisco Flyer	19,950
27' Cheoy Lee Offshore	23,500
27' Bristol	15,000
27' Ericson	2 from 19,750
27' Santa Cruz	21,000
27' Stilleto Catamaran — NEW	14,950
28' Hawkfarm	26,900
28' Islander	30,950
29' Cal	27,500
29' Cal 2-29	29,900
30' Alberg	25,950
30' Cheoy Lee Bermuda	31,000
30' Bird	8,900
30' Dufour Arpege	36,900
30' H-28	25,000
30' Friendship Sloop	35,000
30' Rawson	2 from 25,000
30' Yankee	31,500
32' Rawson Traveler	2 from 49,500
33' Fjord Motorsailer	62,500
33' Vanguard	2 from 28,000
33' Constellation — NEW	86,125
34' CT	49,500
34' Cal	34,500
34' Columbia MKII	31,000
34' Hanna Ketch	20,000
34' Sunset	33,000
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36' Cal	38,500
37' Tartan	53,500
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